

3
W I L D O A T S,

O R T H E

STROLLING GENTLEMEN.

A

C O M E D Y,

I N F I V E A C T S.

By J O H N O ' K E E F E, Esq.

A S P E R F O R M E D A T T H E

T H E A T R E - R O Y A L C O V E N T - G A R D E N .

D U B L I N :

P R I N T E D B Y B . S M I T H , N o . 3 4 , *Bridge-Street* ;
a n d P . B Y R N E , N o . 1 0 8 , *Grafton-Street* .

M , D C C , X C I I .

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir George Thunder,	-	Mr. QUICK.
Rover,	-	Mr. LEWIS.
Harry,	-	Mr. HOLMAN.
Banks,	-	Mr. HULL.
Sim,	-	Mr. BLANCHARD.
Ephraim Smooth,	-	Mr. MUNDEN.
Gammon,	-	Mr. CUBITT.
Twitch,	-	Mr. ROCK.
Zachariah,	-	Mr. REES.
Trap,	-	Mr. EVATT.
3 Sailors,	-	{ Mr. THOMPSON.
		{ Mr. MILBURNE.
		{ Mr. FARLEY.
Sheriff's Officers,	-	Mr. CROSS, &c.
Lamp,	-	Mr. C. POWELL.
Muz,	-	Mr. MACREADY.
Landlord,	-	Mr. POWELL.
John Dory,	-	Mr. WILSON.

W O M E N.

Lady Amaranth,	-	Mrs. POPE.
Amelia,	-	Miss CHAPMAN.
Jane,	-	Mrs. WELLS.

W I L D O A T S,

O R T H E

STROLLING GENTLEMEN.

ACT I.—SCENE I:

SCENE.—A PARLOUR AT LADY AMARANTH'S.

Enter Sir George Thunder and John Dory.

Sir George.

I DON'T know whose house we've got into here, John, but I think when he knows me, we may hope for some refreshment—Zounds! I'm as dry as touchwood, to sail at the rate of ten knots an hour over fallow and stubble, from my own house, but half a league on this side of Gosport, and not catch these deserters that received the King's bounty, then ran away from their ship.

John. Your ill luck,

Sir George. Mine, you swab?

John. Ah, you've money and gold, but grace and good fortune have shook hands with you these nineteen years, for that rogue's trick you play'd poor Miss Amelia, by deceiving her with a sham marriage, when you pass'd yourself for Captain

Seymour, then putting off to sea, leaving her to break her heart, and since marrying another lady.

Sir George. But was I not forced to that by my father?

John. Ay, because she had a great fortune; her death too, was a judgment on you.

Sir George. Why, you impudent Dog-Fish, upbraid me with running into false bay, when you were my pilot? Wain't it you even brought me the mock clergyman that performed the sham marriage with Amelia?

John, (aside.) You think so, but I took care to bring you a real clergyman.

Sir George. But is this a time or place for your lectures? at home, abroad, sea, or land, you will still badger me! mention my Wild Oats again and—you Scoundrel, ever since the night my bed curtains took fire when you were my boatswain aboard the Eagle, you've got me quite into leading-strings, you snatched me upon deck, and toss'd me into the sea—to save me from being burnt, I was almost drown'd.

John. You would, but for me.

Sir George. Yes, you dragged me out by the ear like a water-dog—last week because you saw the tenth bottle uncorked, you rushed in among my friends, and ran away with me, and, next morning, Captain O'Shannaghan sends me a challenge for quitting my chair when he was toast master, so to save from a head ach, you'd like to have got my brains blown out.

John. Oh very well—he burnt in your bed, and tumble in the water like a tight fellow as you are—and poison yourself with slow juice; see if John cares a piece of mouldy biscuit about it, but I thought you had laid yourself up in ordinary, retired to live in quiet upon your own estate, and had done with sea affairs.

Sir George. John, a man should forget his own convenience for his country's good.

John. But I wish you hadn't made me your Wallet De Chambre, no sooner was I got on shore,
after

after five years dashing among rocks, shoals and breakers, than you set me upon a hard trotting cart horse, that knock'd me up and down like an old bum boat in the Bay of Biscay—and here nothing to drink after all—because at home you keep open house yourself, you think every body else does the same—Holloa ! Holloa ! I'll never cease piping till it calls up a drop to wet my whistle. (*Exit John.*)

Sir George. Yes, as John Dory remarks, I fear my trip thro' life will be attended with heavy squalls and foul weather—when my conduct to poor Amelia comes athwart my mind, it's a hurricane for that day, and when I turn in at night, the ballad William and Margaret's Ghost rings in my ear. “In glided Margaret's grimly Ghost.” [*Sings.*] Oh Zounds ! the dismals are coming upon me, and I can't get a cheering glass to—Holloa !

Enter Ephraim Smooth.

Ephraim. Friend, what would'st thou have ?

Sir George. Have ! why I would have Grog.

Ephraim. Neither man nor woman of that name abideth here.

Sir George. Ha ! ha ! ha ! man nor woman—then if you'll bring me Mr. Brandy and Mrs. Water, we'll couple them together, and the first child probably will be Master Grog.

Ephraim. Thou dost speak in Parables, which I understand not.

Sir George. Sheer off with your sanctified poop, and send the gentleman of the house.

Ephraim. The owner of this mansion is a maiden, and she approacheth.

Enter Lady Amaranth.

Lady Amaranth. Do I behold ! It is ! How dost thou Uncle ?

Sir George. Is it possible you can be my niece Lady Maria Amaranth Thunder.

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Lady Amaranth. I am the daughter of the deceased brother Loftus, call'd Earl Thunder, but no Lady—my name is Mary.

Sir George. But Zounds, how is all this? I unexpectedly find you in a strange house, of which old Sly here tells me you are Mistress—turn'd Quaker! and disclaim your title!

Lady Amaranth. Thou know'st the relation to whose care my father left me?

Sir George. Well, I know our cousin old Dovehouse was a Quaker, but didn't suspect he would have made you one.

Lady Amaranth. Being now gathered to his father's, he did bequeath unto me his wordly goods, among'st them this mansion and the lands around it.

Ephraim. So thou becomest and continue one of the faithful, I'm executor to his will; and by it, I cannot give thee possession of these goods, but on these conditions.

Sir George. Don't tell me of your Thees and Thous—Quakers wills and mansions—I say, girl, tho' on the death of your father, my eldest brother, Loftus Earl Thunder, from your being a female his title devolved to his next brother Robert. Tho' as you're a woman, you can't be an earl, nor, as a woman, you can't make laws for your sex, nor our sex, yet as the daughter of a Peer, you are, and by heavens, shall be called Lady Maria Amaranth Thunder.

Ephraim. Thou makest too much noise, Friend.

Sir George. Damme, call me friend, and I'll bump your blockhead against the capstern.

Ephraim. Yea this is a man of danger, and I will leave Mary to abide it. [Exit Ephraim.]

Sir George. 'Shure, my Lady!

Lady Amaranth. Title is vanity.

Enter Zachariah.

Zachariah. Shall thy cook, this day, roast certain birds of the air called Woodcocks, and ribs of the oxen likewise?

Lady

Lady Amaranth. All ! my uncle sojourneth with me peradventure, and my meal shall be a feast, Friend Zachariah.

Zachariah. My tongue shall say so Friend Mary.

Sir George. Sir George Thunder bids thee remember to call your mistress Lady Amaranth.

[Strikes him.]

Zachariah. Verily George——

Sir George. George, firrah ! tho' a younger brother, the honour of knighthood was my reward for placing the glorious British Flag over that of a daring Enemy—therefore, address me——

Zachariah. Yea, good George.

[Exit Zachariah.]

Sir George. George and Mary ! here's leveling ! here's abolition of title with a vengeance—S'blood ! in this house, they think no more of an English Knight, than if he was a French Duke.

Lady Amaranth. Kinsman be patient——thou and thy son, my cousin Henry, whom I have not beheld, I think, these twelve years, shall be welcome to my dwelling——where now abideth the youth !

Sir George. At the naval academy at Portsmouth.

Lady Amaranth. May I not see the young man ?

Sir George. What, to make a Quaker of him ? no, no !—but hold, as she's a wealthy heiress, her marrying my son Harry will keep up, and preserve her Title in our own family too (*aside*)—would'st thou be really glad to see him—thou shalt Mary—John Dory—ay, here's my Valet De Chambre.

Enter John Dory.

John. Sir.

Sir George. Avaft, old man of war ! you must instantly convoy my son from Portsmouth.

John. Then I must first convoy him to Portsmouth, for he happens to be out of dock already.

Sir George. What wind now !

John.

John. Why you know on our quitting harbour.

Sir George. Damn your sea jaw, you marvelous dolphin, give the contents of your log-book in plain English.

John. The young squire has cut and run.

Sir George. What?

John. Got leave to come to you, and the master did not find out before yesterday, that instead of making for home, he had sheer'd off towards London, directly sent notice to you, and Sam has trac'd us all the way here, to bring you the news.

Sir George. What, a boy of mine quit his guns? I'll grapple him, come John.

Lady Amaranth. Order the carriage for mine uncle.

Sir George. No, thanky, my lady; let your equipage keep up your own dignity—I've horses here: but I won't knock them up—next village is the channel for the stage—my lady, I'll bring the dog to you by the bowsprit—weigh anchor—crowd sail and after him.

[Exit *Sir George* and *John Dory*.]

Enter Epbraim.

Epbraim. The man of noise doth not tarry—then my spirit is glad.

Lady Amaranth. Let Sarah prepare chambers for my kinsman, and hire the maiden for me that thou didst mention.

Epbraim. I will; for this damsel is passing fair, and hath found grace in mine eyes,—Mary as thou art yet a stranger in this land, and just taken possession of this estate, the laws of society command thee to be on terms of amity with thy wealthy neighbours.

Lady Amaranth. Yea! but while I entertain the rich, the hearts of the poor shall also rejoice—I myself will now go forth into the adjacent hamlet and invite all that cometh to good cheer.

Epbraim. Yea, and I will distribute among the poor, good books.

Lady

Lady Amaranth. And meat and drink too, friend Ephraim! In the fulness of plenty they shall join in thanksgiving for those gifts of which I am so unworthy.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE.—A ROAD.

Enter Harry and Muz.

Muz. I say Dick Buskin,—harky, my lad.

Harry. What keeps Rover?

Muz. I am sure I don't know; as you desired I paid for our breakfast—But the devil's in that fellow—Every Inn we stop at, he will always hang behind, chattering to the Barmaid or Chamber maid.

Harry. Or any—Or no maid—but he's a worthy lad, and I love him better I think, than my own brother had I one.

Muz. Oh but Dick, mind my boy.

Harry. Stop, Muz—tho' 'twas my orders when I set out on this scamper with the players, the better to conceal my quality, for you, before people, to treat me as your companion—Yet, at the same time you should have had discretion enough to remember, when we're alone, that I'm still your master, and son to Sir George Thunder.

Muz. Sir, I ask your pardon—But by making yourself my equal, I've got so used to familiarity, that I find it curs'd to shake it off.

Harry. Well, Sir, pray mind—that familiarity is all over—my frolic's out—I now throw off the player—and shall return directly—my father must by this time have heard of my departure from the Academy at Portsmouth—and tho' I was deluded away by my rage for a little acting, yet, 'twas bad of me to give the gay old fellow any cause of uneasiness.

Muz. And, Sir, shall I and you never act another Scene together? shall I never again play
Sir

Sir Harry Wildair for my own benefit, nor ever again have the pleasure of caning your honour in the character of Alderman Smuggler?

Harry. In future, act the part of a smart coat and hat brusher, or I shall have the pleasure of caning you in the character of one that gives mighty blows,—you were a good servant, but sirsah, I find, by letting you crack your jokes, and sit in my company, you are grown quite a rascal.

Muz. Yes, Sir, I was a modest well behaved lad, but evil communications corrupts good manners.

Harry. Run back and tell Rover to make haste—to bring you down, I'll clap a livery on you, wear that, or find another master.

Muz. Well, sir, I don't mind wearing a livery: but when one has so long had a halbert, damn'd hard to be again put in the Ranks.

[*Exit Muz.*]

Harry. Well, if my father but forgives me; this three months excursion with the players has shewn me some life, and a devilish deal of fun; for one circumstance I shall ever remember with delight, it's bringing me acquainted with Jack Rover; how long he stays—Jack (*calls*) In this forlorn stroller, I have discovered qualities that honour human nature, and accomplishments that might grace a prince—My poor friend has often lent me his money, tho' he supposed me a needy devil, that could never be able to pay him, he shan't know who I am till it's in my power to serve him—only the rogue always marr'd the grand design of my frolic—I had no chance among the pretty women where he was, he had the knack of winning all their hearts by his gaiety.—then so devilish pleasant in his quotations, which, on the moment, he dashes in a parody, so whimsically opposite to every occasion as it offers—I hope he won't find the purse I have hid in his coat pocket before we part—I dread the moment, but it's come.

Rover.

Rover. (*Without.*) The brisk lightning I.

Harry. Ay, there's the rattle; hurry'd on by the impetuous flow of his own volatile spirits, his life is a rapid stream of extravagant whim—and while the serious voice of humanity prompts his heart to the best actions, his features shine in laugh and levity——Studying Bayes, Jack?

Rover. (*Entering.*) “I am the bold Thunder.”

Harry. I am, if he knew but all (*aside.*) Keep one standing in the road.

Rover. Beg your pardon, my dear Dick, all the fault of——plague on't that a man can't sleep and breakfast at an Inn, then return to his bed-chamber for his gloves, but there he must find chambermaids thumping feathers, and knocking pillows about—and keep one, when one has affairs and business——'Pon my soul, these girls' conduct to us is intolerable, the very thought brings the blood into my face, and whenever they attempt to serve—provoke me so——Damme but I will——an't I right Dick?

Harry. All in the wrong.

Rover. No matter——that's the universal Play all round the Wrekin——but you're so conceited, because by this Company we are going to join at Winchester, you're engaged for high Tragedy.

Harry. And you for Rangers, Plumes, and Foppingtons.

Rover. Our first play is Lear—I was devilishly imperfect t'other night at Lymington—I must look it over (*takes out a book*) “Away the foul find follows me”——Holloa!—stop a moment, we shall have the whole country after us.

Harry. What now?

Rover. That rosy faced chambermaid put me in such a passion, by that Heaven I walk'd out of the house, and forgot to pay our bill.

Harry. Never mind, Rover—it's paid.

Rover. Paid! why neither you, nor Muz, had money enough.

Harry. I tell you, 'tis paid.

Rover

Rover. You paid ; oh, very well, every honest fellow should be a stock purse—let's push on—ten miles to Winchester, we shall be there by Eleven.

Harry. Our trunks are book'd at the Inn for the Winchester Coach.

Rover. Our Hero, Tom Stately, slept into the chaise with his Tragedy Phiz—ha, ha, ha—rides Bodikin between our Thalia and Melpomene—but I prefer Walking to the Car of Thespis—what do you wait for ?

Harry. Which is the way ?

Rover. Here.

Harry. Then I go there, (*points opposite.*)

Rover. Eh !

Harry. My dear Boy, on this spot, and at this moment we must part.

Rover. Part ?

Harry. Rover, you wish me well.

Rover. Well, and suppose so ? part ? what mystery and grand—what are you at ? Do you forget, you, Muz, and I are engaged to Truncheon the Manager, and that the Bills are already up, with our names for to night to play at Winchester.

Harry. Jack, you and I have often met on a stage in assum'd characters, but if it is your wish we should ever meet again in our real ones of sincere friends, without asking whither I go, or my motives for leaving you, *when I walk up this road*, do you turn down that.

Rover. Joke !

Harry. I am serious, good bye.

Rover. If you repent your engagement with Truncheon, I'll break off too, and go with you wherever.—

Harry. Attempt to follow me, and even our acquaintance ends.

Rover. Eh !

Harry. Don't think of my reasons, only that it must be.

Rover. Have I done any thing to Dick Buskin, leave me !

Harry.

Harry. I am as much concerned as you——
good bye.

Rover. I can't even bid adieu—I won't neither
—if any cause could have been given——farewell.

Harry. Bless my poor fellow! adieu.

Rever. Well good——O Damnation.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

END OF ACT THE FIRST.

ACT II.

SCENE A VILLAGE—*With a Cottage and Garden on one side—Handsome House on the other.*

Enter Gammon and Ephraim.

Gammon.

WELL, Master Ephraim, I may depend on thee, as you Quakers never break your words.

Ephraim. I have spoken to Mary, and she, at my request, consenteth to take thy daughter Jane, as her handmaid.

Gammon. That's hearty——I intended to make a present to the person that does me such a piece of service, but I shan't affront you with it.

Ephraim. I am meek and humble, and must take affronts.

Gammon. Then here's a Guinea, Master Ephraim.

Ephraim. I expected not this—but there is no harm in a Guinea. [Exit Ephraim.]

Gammon. So I shall get my children off my hands, my son Sim is robbing me day and night, giving away my corn, and what not, among the poor——My daughter Jane, when girls have nought to do, this mischief Love creeps into their minds, and then hey! they're for kicking up their heels;——Sim—son Sim.

B

Enter

Enter Sim.

Sim. Yes, Veyther.

Gammon. Call your sister.

Sim. Jane, Veyther wants you.

Enter Jane.

Jane. Did you call me?

Gammon. I often told you both, but it's now settled, you must go into the world, and work for your bread.

Sim. Well, Veyther, whatever you think right must be so, and I'm content.

Jane. And I'm sure Veyther, I'm willing to do as you would have me.

Gammon. There's ingratitude for you; when my wife, your mother died, I brought you both up from the shell, and now that you're fledged, you want to fly off and forsake me.

Sim. Why, no, I'm willing to live with you all my days.

Jane. And I'm sure Veyther, if it's your desire, I'll never part from you.

Gammon. Here's an unnatural pair! what, you want to hang upon me like a couple of leeches—ay to strip my branches and leave me a wither'd hawthorn, see who's yonder. (*Exit Sim.*) Jane, Ephraim Smooth has hir'd you for Lady Amaranth.

Jane. La: then I shall live in the great house.

Gammon. Her Ladyship has sent us all presents of good books here to read a chapter in, it gives a man patience when he's in a passion. (*Gives her a book.*)

Jane. Thank her good ladyship.

Gammon. My being encumber'd with you both is the cause why old Banks here won't give me his sister.

Jane. That's a pity—If we must have a step-mother, madam Amelia would make us a very good one—but I wonder how she can refuse you, Veyther;
for

for I'm sure she thinks you a very portly man in your scarlet vest and new scratch.

[Exit Jane into Cottage.]

Gammon. However, if Banks still refuses, I have him in my power—I'll turn them out of their cottage yonder, and the bailiff shall provide them with a Lodging—here he comes. (*Enter Banks from his Cottage.*) Well, Neighbour Banks, once for all, am I to marry your sister?

Banks. That she best knows.

Gammon. She says she won't.

Banks. Then I dare say she won't—for tho' a woman, I never knew her tell a lie.

Gammon. Then she won't have me! a fine thing that you and she, who are little better than paupers, dare be so damn'd saucy.

Banks. Why farmer, I confess we are poor; but while that's the worst our enemies can say of us, we are content. (*Banks goes into his Garden.*)

Gammon. Damn it, I wish I had a fair occasion to quarrel with him—I'd make him content with a Devil to him—I'd knock him down, send him to Gaol, and—but I'll be up with him.

Enter Sim.

Sim. Oh, Veyther, here's one Mr. Lamp, a ring-leader of shewfolks come from Andover to act in our village, he wants a Barn to play in, if you'll hire him yours.

Gammon. Surely, boy, I'll never refuse money; but lest he should engage the great room at the inn, run and tell him—stop, I'll go myself—a short cut thro' that garden.

Banks. Why you or any neighbour is welcome to walk in it, or partake of any thing it produces, but making it a common thoroughfare, is—

Gammon. Here son, kick open that garden gate.

Banks. What?

Gammon. Does the lad hear?

Sim. Why, yes, yes.

Gammon. Does the fool understand?

Sim. Dang it, I'm as yet young; but if under-

standing teaches me how to wrong my neighbour, I hope I may never live to years of discretion.

Gammon. What, you cur, do you disobey your Veyther—burst open the Garden gate as I command you.

Sim. Veyther, he that made both you and the garden commands me not to injure the unfortunate.

Gammon. Here's an ungracious rogue, then I must do it myself.

Banks. Hold neighbour; small as this spot is, it's now my only possession, and the man shall first take my life who sets a foot in it against my will.

Gammon. I'm in such a passion——

Jane. (*advancing.*) Veyther, if you're in a passion, read the good book you gave me.

Gammon. Plague o' the wench; but you hussy I'll—and you, you unlucky bird!—*[Exit Sim and Jane.]*

A storm of Rain—Enter Rover.

Rover. Zounds! here's a pelting shower, and no shelter—"Poor Tom's a Cold"—I'm wet thro'—here's a good promising house——

[Gammon prevents his entrance.]

Gammon. Hold my lad, can't let folks in, 'till I know who they are, there's a publick house not above a mile on.

Banks. Step in here, young man: my fire is small, but it shall cheer you with a hearty welcome.

Rover. The poor cottager, and the substantial Farmer. (*Kneels.*)

"Hear nature, dear gooddeſs hear, if ever you
"deſign'd to make his corn fields fertile, change
"thy purpoſe, that from the blighted ears no grain
"may fall, to fat his ſtubble gooſe, and when to
"town he drives his hogs ſo like himſelf, oh let
"him feel the ſoaking rain, then he may curſe his
"crime too late, and know how ſharper than a
"ſerpents tooth 'tis."——Damme, but I am
ſpouting in the rain all this while.

[Riſes and Exit with Banks into Cottage.]

Gammon. Ah neighbour, you'll ſoon ſcratch a beg-

beggar's head, if you harbour every mad vagrant——this may be one of the foot-pads that it seems have got about the country; but I'll have an execution and seize on thy goods this day my honest neighbour—Eh!—the sun strikes out—quite clear'd up.

Enter Jane.

Jane. La, Veyther, if there isn't coming down the village.

Gammon. Oh, thou hussy?

Jane. Bless me Veyther, no time for anger now—here's Lady Amaranth's chariot—La, it stops.

Gammon. Her ladyship is coming out—and walks this way, she may wish to rest herself in my house, Jane, we must always make rich folks welcome.

Jane. I'll run in and set things to rights—but Veyther, your cravat, and wig are all——

[Exit into House.]

Enter Twitch.

Twitch. Well master Gammon, as you desir'd I'm come to serve this here copy of a Writ, and arrest master Banks—where is he?

Gammon. Yes; now I be determin'd on't——Wounds! stand aside, I'll speak to you anon.

Enter Lady Amaranth.

Lady Amaranth. Friend Jane, whom I have taken to be my handmaid is thy daughter.

Gammon. And so her mother said, an't please your Ladyship.

Lady Amaranth. Ephraim Smooth acquainteth me thou art a wealthy yeoman.

Gammon. Why, my lady, I pay my rent.

Lady Amaranth. Being yet a stranger on my estate round here, I have pass'd thro' thy hamlet to behold with mine own eye the distresses of my poor tenants; I wish to relieve their wants.

Gammon. Right, your Ladyship, for charity
B 3 hides

hides a deal of sin—how good of you to think of the poor—that's so like me—I'm always contriving how to relieve my neighbours—you must lay Banks in Gaol to night. (*To Twitch.*)

Enter Jane.

Jane. An't please you will, your Ladyship enter our humble dwelling, and rest your ladyship?

Gammon. Do, my lady, to receive so great a lady from her own chariot, is an honor I dreamt not of, tho' for the hungry and weary foot traveller my doors are always open, and my morsel ready—Knock, and when he comes out, touch him. (*Aside to Twitch.*)

Lady Amaranth. Thou art benevolent, and I will enter thy dwelling with satisfaction.

Jane. Oh precious! this way my lady.

(*Exit all but Twitch into Gammons House.*)

Twitch. Eh! where's the writ! (*Knocks at Banks's door.*)

Enter Banks.

Banks. Master Twitch, what's your business with me?

Twitch. Only a little affair here against you.

Banks. Me!

Twitch. Farmer Gammon has bought a thirty pound note of hand of yours.

Banks. I did not think his malice could have stretched so far, I thought the love he profess'd for my sister might—why it is true, master Twitch—to lend our indigent cottagers small sums, when they've been unable to pay their rent—I got lawyer Quirk to procure me this money, and hop'd their industry would have put it in my power to take up the Note before now, however I'll go round and try what they can do, then call on you and settle it.

Twitch

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Twitch. No, that won't do, you must go with me.

Rover. (*Without.*) Old gentleman come quick, or I'll draw another bottle of your currant wine.

Twitch. You had better not make a noise—and come.

Enter Rover.

Rover. Oh, you're here—rain over—quite fine I'll take a sniff of the open air too—Eh! what's the matter?

Twitch. What is that to you?

Rover. What is that to me! why you're very unmannerly.

Twitch. Here's a rescue.

Banks. Nay my dear Sir, I'd wish you not to bring yourself into trouble about me.

Twitch. Now since you don't know what's civil, if the debt an't paid directly, to Gaol you go.

Rover. My kind hospitable good old man to Gaol——what's the amount you Scoundrel?

Twitch. Better words, or I'll

Rover. Stop——utter one word good or bad except to tell me what's your demand upon this gentleman, and I'll give you the greatest beating you ever got since you commenced Rascal.

Twitch. Why master, I don't want to quarrel with you, because——

Rover. You'll get nothing by it——do you know you Villain, that I am this moment the greatest man living.

Twitch. Who, pray?

Rover. “I am the bold Thunder”——Sirrah, know that I carry my purse of gold in my coat-pocket——tho' damme, if I know how it came there (*aside*) there's twenty pictures of his Majesty——therefore in the King's name, I free his liege Subject——and now who am I?

Twitch. Ten pieces short my master; but if you're a House-keeper, I'll take this and your Bail.

Rover. Then for bail you must have a house-keeper

keeper—what's to be done (*Enter Gammon.*)
 Oh here's old hospitality ———I know you've a
 house, tho' your fire-side was too warm for me—
 look ye, here's some rapacious, griping rascal,
 has had this worthy gentleman arrested——now,
 a certain good for nothing rattling fellow has paid
 twenty guineas, you pass your word for the other
 Nine, we'll step back into the old gentleman's
 house, and over his currant wine, our first toast
 shall be "Liberty to the honest Debtor, and
 "Confusion to the hard hearted Creditor."

Gammon. I shan't.

[*Exit Gammon.*]

Rover. No; then you're the Hampshire Hog
 ——'s death, what shall we do to extricate—
 Dem the money.

Enter Lady Amaranth from Gammon's House.

Lady Amaranth. What tumult's this?

Rover. A Lady! Ma'am your most obedient
 humble servant, a Quaker too! they are generally
 kind and humane, and that face is a prologue to a
 Play of a thousand good Acts——may be she'd
 help us here (*aside.*) Ma'am you must know that I—
 no, this gentleman I mean, he got a little be-
 hind hand, as every honest well principled man
 often may from bad harvests and rains, lodging
 corn, and his cattle from murrain and rot—
 rot the murrain——you know this is the way all
 this affair happen'd (*to Banks*) and then up steps
 this gentleman with a tip in his way; Madam, you
 understand, and then steps in I with my—In
 short Ma'am, I am the worst story teller in the
 world, where myself is the hero of the tale.

Twitch. Mr. Banks has been arrested for thirty
 pound—and this gentleman has paid twenty
 guineas of the debt.

Banks. My litigious neighbour to expose me
 thus?

Lady Amaranth. The young man and maiden
 within have pictur'd thee as a man of irreprocha-
 ble morals, tho' unfortunate.

Rover. Madam, he's the honestest fellow—I've
 known

known him above forty years; he's the best hand at stirring a fire——if you was only to taste his currant wine.

Banks. Madam, I never aspir'd to an enviable rank in life——yet hitherto pride and prudence kept me above the reach of pity, but obligations from a stranger——

Lady Amaranth. He really a stranger, and attempt to free thee——Friend, thou hast usurped a right which here alone belongeth to me, as I enjoy the blessings which these lands produce; I own also the heart delighting privilege of dispensing those blessings to the wretched——thou mad'st thy self my worldly banker, and no cash of mine in thine hands—but there I balance our account——
(*offers Rover a note.*)

Rover. “Madam, my master pays me, nor
“can I take money from another hand, without
“injuring his honor, and disobeying his com-
“mands.”

“Run, run, Orlando, carve on every tree,

“The fair, the chaste, the inexpressive She.”

[*Exit Rover.*]

Banks. (*to Twitch.*) But, sir, I insist you'll return him his money——stop,——(*going.*)

Twitch. Ay stop,——(*tolds him*.)

Lady Amaranth. Where dwelleth he?

Banks. I fancy madam, where he can, I understand from his discourse, that he was on his way to join a Company of Actors in the next town.

Lady Amaranth. A prophane stage player, with such a gentle generous heart! yet so whimsically wild! like the unconscious rose, modestly shrinking ever from the recollection of its own grace and sweetness.

Enter Jane.

Jane. Now my lady, I'm fit to attend your ladyship.

Lady Amaranth. This maiden may find out for me whither he goeth, (*aside*)——Call on my steward, and thy legal demand shall be satisfied
To Twitch.)

[*Exit Twitch*]

Jane.

Jane. Here, coachman, drive up my lady's chariot nearer to our door. (*Calling off.*)

Lady Amarantb. Friend, be cheerful, thine and thy sister's sorrows shall be but an April shower. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE.—THE OUTSIDE OF AN INN.

Enter Rover and Waiter.

Rover. Holloa! friend, when does the coach set out for London?

Waiter. In about an hour Sir.

Rover. Has the Winchester coach pass'd?

Waiter. No sir.

Rover. That's lucky, my trunk is here still —then go I will not—since I've lost the fellowship of my Friend Dick Buskin. I'll travel no more—I'll try a London audience—who knows but I may get an engagement—This celestial Lady Quaker must be rich, and how ridiculous for such a poor dog as I am even to think of her—How Dick would laugh at me if he knew—I dare say by this she has releas'd my kind host from the gripe—I should like to be certain tho'—

Enter Landlord.

Landlord. You'll dine here, sir; I am honest Bob Johnson, kept the Sun these twenty years—Excellent Dinner on table at Two.

Rover. "Yet my love indeed is appetite; I am "as hungry as the sea, I can digest as much."

Landlord. Hungry as the sea! you won't do for my shilling ordinary—Sir, there's a very good ordinary at the Saracen's head, at the end of the town—I shouldn't have thought indeed of hungry foot travellers to eat like—coming, sir.

[*Exit Landlord.*]

Rover. I'll not join this company at Winchester, no, I'll not stay in the country, hopeless ever to expect a look, except of scorn, from this lady—I wonder if she has found out I'm a player—I'll take a touch at a London Theatre—the Public there

there are candid and generous, and before my merit can have time to create enemies, I'll save money, and "A fig for the Sultan and Sophy."

Enter Jane and Sim.

Jane. Ay that's he.

Rover. "But if I fall, by Heaven I'll overwhelm the Manager, his empire, and himself in one prodigious ruin."

Jane. Ruin, O Lord!

Sim. What else can you expect when you follow young men, I've dogg'd you all the way.—

Jane. Well, wasn't I sent?

Sim. O yes, you were sent—very likely—who sent you?

Jane. I won't tell it's my lady—cause she bid me not, (*aside*.)

Sim. I'll keep you from sheame—a fine life I should have in the parish—rare steering if a sister of mine should stand some Sunday at Church in a White Sheet—and to all their flouts what could I say.

Rover. Thus—"I say my sister's wronged, my sister *Blowfabella* born as high and noble as the Attorney—do her justice, or by the Gods, I'll lay a scene of blood, shall make this *Hay* now horrible to beetles." Say that, young Chamont.

Sim. I believe it's full moon—you go hoame to your place, and mind your, business.

Jane. My lady will be so pleas'd I found him—I don't wonder at it—he's a fine spoken man.

Sim. Dang it, will you stand grinning here at the Wild Bucks!

Jane. Will you be quiet? perhaps the gentleman might wish to send her ladyship a compliment—an't please you, sir, if its even a kiss between us two, it shall go safe, for tho' you should give it me, brother Sim can take it to my lady.

Sim. La! will you go? (*puts her out.*)

Rover. "To a nunnery, go to"—I'm curstly out of spirits, but hang sorrow,—I may

as well divert myself——“ 'Tis meat and drink
“to me to see a clown”——“ Shepherd, was't
“ever at court.”

Sim. Not I.

Rover. “ Then thou'rt damn'd.”

Sim. Eh?

Rover. Yes, like an ill roasted egg, all on one
side—oh, here comes little hospitality.

Enter Gammon.

Gammon. Eh, where's the Shewman that wants
to hire my barn? who is this, son?

Rover. Your son! young Clodpate——take
him to your wheat-stack, and there teach him
manners.

Gammon. Oh, thou'rt the fellow that would
bolt out of the dirty roads into people's houses——
Sim's schooling is mightily thrown away if he has
not more manners than thou

Sim. Why, Veyther, it is! gadzooks, he be
one of the Play! acted Tom Fool in King Larry
at Lymington t'other night——I thought I knowed
the face, tho' he had a straw cap and a blanket
about'n——ha! how comical that was when you
said——what did you say?

Rover. “ Pillicock sat upon Pillicock-hill——
Pilli——loo, loo.”

Sim. That's it——Pillicock upon a hill, that's
it——he's at it——laugh, Veyther.

Gammon. Hold your tongue boy——I believe
he's no better than he should be——the moment
I saw him, says I to myself you're a rogue.

Rover. There you spoke the truth for once in
your life.

Gammon. I'm glad you confels it; but her
ladyship shall have the vagrants whipp'd out of
the country.

Rover. Vagrant! thou wretch! despite o'er-
whelm thee, “ only squint, and by Heaven I'll
“ beat thy blown body, till it rebounds like a ten-
“ nis ball.”

Sim. Beat my Veyther——no, no thou must
first beat me, (*pulls off his coat.*)

Rover.

Rover. "Tho' love cool, friendship fall off,
 " brothers divide, subjects rebel,—Oh never let
 " the sacred bond be crack'd betwixt son and fa-
 " ther"—Thou'rt an honest reptile——I
 ne'er knew a father's protection——ne'er had a
 father to protect.

Sim. Ecod, he's not acting now.

Enter Landlord with Book, Pen and Ink.

Gammon. Landlord, is this Mr. Lamp here?

Landlord. I've just open'd a bottle of wine for
 him in the parlour. *[Exit Gammon.]*

Sim. Ge'us thy hand—I like thee—I don't
 know how it is—I think I could lose my life for him,
 but mustn't let Veyther de lick'd tho'——I like
 thee, if it is only for little Pillow Cock.

Rover. I'll make my Entree on the London
 boards in Bayes—yes, I shall have no competitor
 against me. "Egad it is very hard that a gentle-
 " man and an author can't come to teach them, but
 " he must break his nose, and all that—but—so
 " the Players are gone to dinner."

Landlord. No such people frequent the Sun, I
 assure you.

Rover. "Sun, moon and stars—now mind
 " the Eclipse Mr. Johnson."

Landlord. I heard nothing of it sir.

Enter Waiter.

Waiter. Sir, two gentlemen in the parlour
 wish to speak with you.

Rover. "I attend them with all respect and
 duty."

Landlord. Sir, you go in the stage——as we
 book the passengers, what name?

Rover. "I am the Bold Thunder,"

[Exit Rover.]

Landlord. (*Writing.*) Mr. Thunder!

Enter John Dory.

John. I want two places in the stage-coach——
 because I and another gentleman, are going a jour-
 ney.

Landlord. Just two vacant—What name?

John. Avast! I go upon deck—but let's see
 who's

who's my master's messmates in the cabin (*Reads.*)
 Captain Macculah, Counsellor Fazacherly, Miss
 Gosling, Mr. Thunder!——what's this? speak
 man is there one of that name going?

Landlord. Book'd him this moment.

John. If our voyage now should be at an end be-
 fore we begin it——if this Mr. Thunder should
 be my master's son? what sort of a gentleman is
 he?

Landlord. An odd sort of a gentleman——I
 suspect he's one of the Players.

John. True, Sam said 'twas some Players peo-
 ple forc'd him away from Portsmouth boarding-
 school——It must be the squire——shew me where
 he's moor'd my old Purser. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE.—A ROOM.

Lamp and Trap discovered.

Trap. This same farmer Gammon seems a sur-
 ly spark.

Lamp. No matter, his barn will hold a good
 thirty pounds, and if we can but engage this young
 fellow, this Rover, he'll cram it every night he
 plays; he's certainly a very good Actor; now,
Trap, you enquire out a carpenter, and be brisk
 about the building, I think we shall have smart
 business, as we stand so well for women too——
 oh here he is!

Trap. Snap him on any Terms.

Enter Rover.

Rover. Gentlemen your most obedient——the
 waiter told me.

Lamp. Pray sit down good Sir——to our
 better acquaintance, (*Drinks.*)

Rover. I don't recollect I have the honour of
 knowing——

Lamp. Mr. Rover, tho' I am a stranger to you,
 you're none to me.

Rover. Sir!

Lamp. Yes, Sir, my name is Lamp——I am
 Manager of the company of Comedians that's
 come down here, and Mr. Trap here is my Trea-
 surer——engages the performers, sticks bills, finds
 proper-

properties, keeps box book, lights house, prompts play, and takes the towns.

Trap. The most respectable company, and charming money getting Circuit.

Rover. Haven't a doubt, Sir.

Lamp. Only suffer me to put up your name to play with us six nights, and twelve guineas are yours.

Rover. Sir, I thank you, and must confess your offer is liberal; but my friends have flatter'd me into a sort of opinion, that encourage me to take a touch at the capital.

Lamp. Oh, my dear Rover, a London Theatre is the worst place in the world for a young performer, a very dangerous ground.

Rover. Why, I may fail, and Gods may groan, and Ladies cry, "La, what an awkward creature." But should I top my part, then shall not Gods applaud, and Ladies sigh, "The charming fellow." And managers take me by the hand, and treasurers smile upon me, as they count the shining guineas.

Lamp. But suppose——

Rover. Ay, suppose the contrary——I have a certain friend here in my coat pocket (*feels for it*) Zounds? where is——Oh the devil——I gave it to discharge my kind host——going for London, and not master of five shillings——Sir if you will make it twenty pound——I am at your service.

Lamp. Well, be it so.

Rover. Sir, I engage with you——call a rehearsal, when and where you please, I'll attend.

Lamp. Sir I'll step for the cast book, and you shall chuse your characters.

Trap. And Sir, I'll write out the play bill directly. [*Exit Lamp and Trap.*]

Rover. Since I must remain here some time and I haven't the most distant hope of ever speaking to this Goddess again, I wish I had enquir'd her name, that I might know how to keep out of her way.

Enter John Dory and Landlord.

Landlord. There's the gentleman!

John. Very well — (*Exit Landlord*) what cheer, master Squire.

Rover. What cheer! ho! my, my Hearty?

John. The very face of his father—and an't you asham'd of yourself?

Rover. Why yes, I am sometimes.

John. Do you know if I had you at the gang-way, I'd give you a neater dozen than ever you got from your school master's cat o' nine tails.

Rover. You would n't sure!

John. I would, sure.

Rover. Indeed! pleasant enough! who is this genius?

John. I've dispatch'd a shallop to tell Lady Amaranth you're here.

Rover. You haven't.

John. I have.

Rover. Now, who the devil's Lady Amaranth?

John. I expect her chariot every moment, and when it comes, you'll get into it, and I'll set you down genteely at her house——then I'll have obey'd my orders, and hope your father will be satisfy'd.

Rover. My father! who is he, pray?

John. Psha, leave of your fun and prepare to ask his pardon.

Rover. Ha! ha, ha! why my worthy Friend you're quite wrong in this affair——upon my word I'm not the person you take me for.

John. You don't go, tho' they've got your name down in the stage coach book, Mr. Thunder.

Rover. Mr. Thunder! stage coach book,—— This must be some curious blunder, ha, ha, ha.

John. Oh my lad, your father Sir George will change your note.

Rover. He must give me one first——Sir George! then my father is a Knight it seems——very good, faith——ha, ha, ha——I'm not the Gentleman you think me, upon my honor.

John.

John. I ought not to think, you any gentleman for giving your honour to a falsehood——oh them Play Actors you went amongst have quite spoiled you——I only wish one of them would come in my way, I'd teach him to bring a gentleman's son trampoozing about the country.

Enter Coachman.

Coachman. Any passengers for the Fly?

John. No.

[*Exit Coachman.*]

Enter Waiter.

Waiter. Her ladyships' chariot is at the door and I fancy, Sir, it's you the Coachman wants.

John. Yes, its me, I attend your honor.

Rover. Then you insist on it that I am——

John. I insist on nothing, only you shall come.

Rover. Indeed! that's a word don't sound very agreeable to my ear.

John. Does a pretty girl sound well to your ear?

Rover. Like the notes of a fiddle——pray is this lady thing o'me pretty.

John. Beautiful as a mermaid, and stately as a ship under sail.

Rover. A beautiful woman: ha! ha! gad the very thought makes my heart flutter;——but then, my charming Quaker; Ah, I must think of her no more——here is choice of vehicles——the Fly to London——a stage in a barn, and my Lady's chariot——egad I've a mind to humour the frolic——well, I'll see your mermaid——but then the instant of my appearance the mistake must be discovered (*aside*) hark'y, is this father of mine you talk of, at this lady's?

John. No, your Father's in chase of the deserters.

Rover. Is he expected soon?

John. Not this fortnight may hap——I find he's afraid to face the old one——so if I tell him, he won't go with me (*aside*.) Oh no; if master nabs those gentry, he'll carry e'm to Gaol, perhaps belay for a court Martial——no, no, we shan't see him in a hurry.

Rover. Then I'll venture——has this lady ever seen me?

John. Psha! none of your jokes, man—you know that her ladyship no more than myself have set eyes on you since you was the bigness of a rumbo canican.

Rover. The choice is made——I have my ranger's dress in my trunk——“Cousin of Buckingham, thou sage grave man.”

John. What!

Rover. “Since you will buckle fortune on my back, to bear her burthen whether I will or no, I must have patience to endure the load——but if black scandal, or foul fac'd”——

John. Black! my foul face was as fair as yours before I went to sea.

Rover. “Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me”

John. Man, don't stand preaching parson Palmer, come to the chariot.

Rover. Ay to the chariot——“bear me, Bucephalus among the billows.”

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF ACT THE SECOND.

ACT III.

SCENE—LADY AMARANTH'S HOUSE.

Enter Lady Amaranth and Epbraim.

Lady Amaranth. Tho' Thou hast settled that distressed gentleman's debt, let his sister come unto me, and remit a quarter's rent to all my tenants.

Epbraim. As thou biddest, I have discharged from the pound, the widow's cattle, but shall I let the suit drop against the farmer's son who did shoot the pheasant.

Lady Amaranth. Yea, but instantly turn from my service the game keepers man, that did kill the fawn while it was eating from his hand; we should hate guile, tho' we may love venison.

Epbraim. Since the death of friend Doverhouse (who tho' one of the faithful was an active man) this part of the country is infested with covetous men,
call'd

call'd robbers, and I have in thy name said unto the people, Who ever apprehendeth one of those, I will reward him, yea with thirty pieces of gold.

(Knocking without,

Ephraim. That beating one brass against another, at thy door, proclaimeth the approach of vanity! whose heart swelleth at an empty sound.

[Exit *Ephraim*.]

Lady Amaranth. But my heart is possess'd with the idea of that wandering youth, whose benevolence induced him, to part with, (perhaps his all?) to free the unhappy debtor, his person is amiable, his address, according to worldly modes, found to please, to delight; but he's poor. Is that a crime perhaps meanly born; but one good action is an illustrious pedigree.—I feel, I love him, and in that word, are birth, fame, and riches.

Enter *Jane*.

Jane. Oh, ma'am, my lady an't please you—

Lady Amaranth. Didst thou find the young man, that I may return him the money, he paid for my tenants?

Jane. I found him ma'am and—I found him—and he talked of what he said—

Lady Amaranth. What did he say?

Jane. He saw me madam, and says he—'I'll be hang'd ma'am, if he didn't about Ruin—now think of that, but if he had'nt gone to London in the Stage Coach—'

Lady Amaranth. Is he gone?

Enter *John Dory*.

John Dory. Oh my lady, may hap John Dory is not the man to be sent after young gentlemen that scamper from school, and run about the country play-acting, pray walk up stairs, master Thunder.

Lady Amaranth. Hast thou brought my kinsman hither.

John. Well, I shan't say, will you only walk up if you please master Harry.

Jane. Will you walk up, if you please master Harry.

Lady Amaranth. Friendship required; yet I am not disposed to commune with company.

Jane.

Jane. Oh ! bless me ma'am, if it is not ?

Enter Rover dress'd.

Rover. "This I Hamlet the Dane." Thus far into the bowels of the land, have we march'd on—John the bloody, and devouring bear.

John. Bear ! sink me madam, if he did'nt call me Bull in the Coach just now.

Rover. This the lady Amaranth ! by Heavens the very Angel Quaker.

Lady Amaranth. The generous youth my cousin Harry !

John. Here he's for you ; make the most of him.

Jane. Oh ! how happy my lady is, he looks so charming, now he's fine.

John. Harkee, she's as rich as an India man, and I tell you, your father wishes you wou'd grapple her by the heart. There's an engagement to be, between these two vessels, but little Cupid's the only man that's to take minutes, so come ! [*To Jane*]

Jane. Ma'am, an't I to wait on you ?

John. No my las you're to wait on me.

Jane. Wait on you ? lack a day Am I ?

John. By this time, sir George is come to the Inn ; without letting the yonker know, I'll bring him here, and surprize both father, and son, with the joyful meeting [*aside*] now court her, you mad devil [*to Rover*] come now usher me down like a lady.

Jane. Yes there's love between 'em ; I see it in their eyes, bless the dear couple, this way Mr. Sailor Gentleman. [*Exit Jane and John.*]

Rover. By Heavens [*aside.*] a most delectable woman.

Lady Amaranth. Cousin, when I saw thee in the village, free the sheep from the wolf ; why did'st not tell, thou wert son to my uncle Sir George ?

Rover. Because my Lady—then I —did not know it myself—[*aside*]

Lady Amaranth. Why, wou'dst thou vex thy father, and quit thy school ?

Rover. A Truant Disposition, good my Lady, brought me from Wirtemberg.

Lady.

Lady Amaranth. Thy father designs thee for his dangerous profession ; but is thy inclination turn'd to the voice of trumpets, and smites of mighty slaughter ?

Rover. " Why Ma'am, as for old Boreas my Dad, when the blast of war, blows in his ears, he's a tyger in his fierce resentment ; but for me ; I think it a pity, so it is, that this villainous salt-peter, should be digg'd, out of the bowels of the harmless earth which many a good tall fellow had destroyed with wounds, and guns, and drums, heaven save the mark.

Lady Amaranth. Indeed thou art tall my cousin and grown of comely stature——our families have long been separated.

Rover. They have since Adam I believe (*aside*) then lady let that sweet bud of love, now ripen to a beauteous flower.

Lady Amaranth. Love !

Rover. " Excellent Wench ! perdition catch my soul but I do love thee, and when I love thee not, chaos is come again.

Lady Amaranth. Thou art of a happy disposition.

Rover. If I were now to die, 'twou'd be to be most happy " let our senses dance in concert to the joyful minutes, and *this* and *this*, the only discord make." (*Embracing.*)

Enter Jane, with Cake and Wine.

Jane. Madam an please you, Mr. Zachariah bid me——

Rover. Why you fancy yourself Cardinal Wolsey in this family.

Jane. No sir, I'am not Cardinal Wolsey, I'm only my lady's waiting maid.

Rover. " A bowl of cream, for your Catholic Majesty."

Jane. Cream ! no sir its wine and water.

Rover. You get no water ! take the wine great potentate.—(*Gives Lady Amaranth a glass ! and drinks himself.*)

Jane. Madam, my father begs leave.

Rover.

Rover. Go, go thou shallow Pomona.

[*Exit Jane.*]

Enter Gammon and Lamp.

Rover. Eh! Zounds my Manager!

Gammon. I hope her ladyship has'nt found out 'twas I had Banks arrested (*aside*) wou'd your ladyship give leave for this honest man and this Comrades to act a few Plays in the town? cause I've let my barn, 'twill be some little help to me my Lady.

Rover. My lady I understand these affairs, leave me to settle 'em.

Lady Amaranth. True, these are delusions, as a woman I understand not, but by my cousin's advice I will abide, ask his permission.

Gammon. I Must pay my respects to the young Squire (*aside*) an't please your honour; if a poor man like me *Bows* dare offer his humble duty.

Rover. Can'st thou bow to a vagrant little Hospitality.

[*Exit Gammon.*]

Lamp. Please your honor; if I may presume to hope your honor will be graciously pleased to take our little Squadron under your honor's protection.

Lady Amaranth. What say'st thou Henry?

Rover. Ay! where's Henry?—true that's me, strange I should already forget my name, and not half an hour ago, since I was christened (*aside*) harkee, do you play yourself fellow?

Rover. If such be your best actor you shan't have my permission, my dear ma'am the damnd'st fellow in the world——get along out of town or damn me I'll have all of you, man, woman, child, rag, and fiddlestick clap't into the whirligig.

Lady Amaranth. Good man, abide not here.

Rover. What you scoundrel! now if this new actor you brag of—that crack of your company was any thing of a gentleman.——

Lamp. Why sure——it isn't.

Rover. It is my good friend; if I was really the poor strolling dog you thought me, I should tread

tread your *fore* boards, and crow the cock of your barn door Fowl, but as Fate has ordain'd, I'm a gentleman and soon to Sir ——— What the devil's my father's name (*aside*) you must be content to murder Shakespeare, without making me an accomplice.

Lamp. But my most gentle Sir, I and my Treasurer Trap, have trumpeted your fame, ten miles round the country, the bills are posted, the stage built, the candles Book'd, the fiddles engaged, all on the tip top of expectation; we should have to-morrow Night an overflow, ay thirty pounds, dear worthy Sir, you wou'dn't go to ruin a whole community and their Families, that now depend on the exertion of your brilliant talents.

Rover. I never was uniform, but in one maxim, that is, tho' I do little good to hurt nobody but myself.

Lady Amaranth. Since thou hast promised, much as I prize my adhearance to the customs in which I was brought up, thou shal't not sully thy honour, by a breach of thy word, "for truth is more shining than beaten gold," play, if it can bring good to those people.

Rover. Shall I?

Lady Amaranth. This falleth out well, for I have bidden all the gentry round, unto my housewarming, and these pleasaunties may afford them an innocent and cheerful entertainment.

Rover. True my Lady your guests an't Quakers, tho' you are one; and when we ask people to our house we study to please *them* not *ourselves*, but if you do furnish up a play, or two, the Muses shan't honour that churlish fellow's barn.

Lady Amaranth. Barn! no, that gallery shall be thy Theatre and inspite of the grave doctrine of Ephraim Smooth, my friends and I, will behold, and rejoice in thy Ranks my pleasant cousin.

Rover. My kind! my charming lady! Hey brighten up bully Lamp! Carpenters! Taylors! Manager! Distribute your Box Tickets for my Lady's Gallery. "Come gentle Coz. ———"

"The

"The actors are at hand, and by their shew,
 "You shall know all, that you are like to
 know."

[Exit Lamp. left hand,——Rover, and Lady
 Amaranth, right.]

SCENE.—AN INN.

Enter Harry and Muz.

Harry. Tho' I went back to Portsmouth Academy with a contrite heart to continue my Studies, yet from my fathers angry letter; I dread a woeful storm, at our first meeting. I fancy the people of this Inn don't recollect me; it reminds me, of my pleasant Friend, poor Jack Rover, I wonder where he is now.

Muz. And brings to my memory, a certain straying acquaintance of mine, poor Dick Buskin.

Harry. Then I desire Sir, you'll turn Dick Buskin out of your memory.

Muz. Can't Sir——the dear good natur'd wicked son of——beg your hono'r's pardon.

Harry. Muz, you must as soon as I am dress'd, step out and enquire whose house my father is at. I didn't think he had any acquaintance in this part of the country——found what humour he is in, and how the land lies, before I venture in his presence.

Enter Waiter.

Waiter. Sir the room is ready for you to dress.

[Exit Waiter.]

Harry. I shall only throw off my boots, and you'll shake a little powder in my hair.

Muz. Then hey puff! I shoulder my Curling Irons.

[Exeunt Harry and Muz.]

Enter Sir George and Landlord.

Sir George. I can hear nothing of these deserters, yet by my first intelligence, they'll not venture up to London, they must still be lurking about the country; Have any suspicious looking persons put in at your house?

Landlord. Yes sir, now and then.

Sir

Sir George. What do you do with them?

Landlord. Why Sir, when a man calls for liquor, that I think has got no money, I make him pay before hand

Sir George. Damn your liquor, yourself—interested Poirpus; chatter your own private concerns, when the public concerns, and good, or fear of general calamity, shou'd be the only compass. These fellows I'm in pursuit of, have run from their ships, and if our navy is unmann'd, what becomes of you and your house, you dunghill cormorant.

Landlord. This is a very abusive sort of a Gentleman, but he has a full pocket, or he wou'd n't be so saucy.

[*Exit Landlord*]

Sir George. This rascal I believe doesn't know I am Sir George Thunder; winds still variable blow my affairs athwart each other, to know what's become of my runaway son Harry, and there my lady Niece, squeezing up the noble plumage of our illustrious family, in her little mean Quaker Bonnet—I must up to town after—S'b'ood when I catch my son Harry—Oh here's John Dory (*Enter John*) Have you taken the places in the London Coach?

John Dory. Ha, ha, your honour; is that yourself?

Sir George. No, I'm beside myself, where's my Son

John. What's o'clock.

Sir George. Why do you talk of clocks, or time pieces, all glasses, reck'ning and log line, are run wild with me.

John. If its Two; your son is this moment, walking with Lady Amaranth in her garden.

Sir George. With Lady Amaranth?

John. If half after; they've cast anchor to rest themselves among the posies; if three, they've got up again; if four, they're picking a bit of cram'd fowl, and if half after, they're picking their teeth and cracking wallnuts, over a bottle of Calcavella

D

Sir

Sir George. My son! my dear friend, where did you find him?

John. I found him where he was, and I left him where he is.

Sir George. What! and he came to Lady Amaranth's?

John. No, but I brought him there, from this house in her ladyship's chariot; I wont tell him, Master Harry went amongst the Players, or he'd never forgive him, (*aside.*) Oh such a merry, civil crazy crackbrain! the very picture of your honor.

Sir George. What! he's in high spirits, ha, ha, ha! the dog! I hope he had discretion enough to throw a little gravity into his mad humour, before his prudent cousin.

John. He threw himself on his knees before her, and that did quite as well.

Sir George. Made Love to her already, ha, ha, ha, oh! impudent cunning Villian! what and may be he—

John. Indeed he did give her a smack.

Sir George. He did! ha, ha, ha.

John. Oh! he threw his arms around her, as eager as I would, to catch a falling decanter of Madeira.

Sir George. Huzza! Victoria; here will be a junction of two bouncing estates, but confound the money; John you shall have a Bowl, for a jolly Boat to swim in, roll in her a Puncheon of Rum, a Hoghead of Sugar, shake an Orchard of Oranges, and let the Landlord drain his Fish pond yonder. "A bumper, a bumper." (*Singing*)

John. Then my good master Sir George, I'll order a bowl in, since you're in the humour for it.

[*Exit John*]

Sir George. And so the wicked rogue is this moment rattling up her *prim ladyship*! Eh! is'n't this he, left her already!

[*Enter Harry.*]

Harry. I must have forgot my cane in this room? my father, zounds!

Sir

Sir George. (*Looks at his Watch.*) Just half after Four! why Harry, you've made great haste in cracking your Wallnuts.

Harry. Yes, he's heard of my frolicks with the Players, (*aside.*) Dear father! if you'll but forgive —

Sir George. Why indeed Harry, you've acted very bad.

Harry. Sir, it shou'd be consider'd, I was but a novice.

Sir George. However, I shall think of nothing now, but your Benefit.

Harry. Very odd his approving of, (*aside.*) I thank you sir, but if agreeable to you, I have done with Benefits.

Sir George. If I was'nt the best of fathers, you might indeed hope none from me, but no matter, if you can but get the fair Quaker.

Harry. Or the humours of the Navy, sir?

Sir George. What! — how dare you reflect on the humours of the Navy,? the Navy has very good humours: or I'd never see your dog's face again, you Villain, — but I'm cool, — Eh boy — a snug easy chariot?

Harry. I'll order it. — Desire my father's carriage to draw up.

Sir George. Mine you rogue! — I've none here, I mean Lady Amaranth's.

Harry. Yes Sir, Lady Amaranth's chariot.

Sir George. What are you at? I mean *that* you left this house in?

Harry. Sir I left this house on foot.

Sir George. What? with John Dory?

Harry. No Sir, with Jack Rover.

Sir George. Why John has been a Rover to be sure, but now he's settled, since I've made him my Valet De Chambre.

Harry. Make him your Valet! why sir where did you meet him?

Sir George. Zounds I met him on board, and I met him on shore, in the cabin, steerage, gallery and forecastle, he sail'd round the world with me.

Harry. Strange this! I understand he had been

in the East Indies! but he never told me he knew you; but indeed, he only knew *me*, by the name of Dick Buskin.

Sir George. Then how come he to bring you to Lady Amaranth's?

Harry. Bring me where.

Sir George. Answer me, An't you now come from her ladyship's?

Harry. Not I.

Sir George. Ha! this is a lie of John's, to enhance his own services; then you have not been there?

Harry. I don't know where you mean, sir.

Sir George. Yes it's all a blag of John's——
but I'll——

Enter John Dory.

John. The rum and sugar is ready, but as for the fish pond——

Sir George. I'll kick you into it; you thirsty old Grampus.

John. Will you, then I'll make a comical roasted orange.

Sir George. How dare you say you brought my son to Lady Amaranth's?

John. And who says I did n't?

Sir George. He that best should know; only Dick Buskin there.

John. Then *Mr. Buckskin*, mustn't shoot off guns for his amusement.

Sir George. There what do you say to that?

Harry. I say 'tis false.

John. False! shiver my hulk, *Mr. Buckskin*! if you were a *Lion's skin*, I'd curry you for this.

[Exit John.]

Sir George. No no, John's honest; I see through it now, the puppy has seen her; perhaps he has the impudence not to like her, and so blows up this confusion, and perplexity, only to break off a marriage, I've set my heart on.

Harry. What does he mean, (*aside.*)——I'll assure you——

Sir George. Damn your assurance, you disobedient

dient ungrateful—but I'll not part with you, till I confront you with Lady Amaranth herself, face to face, and if I prove you have been deceiving me, I'll launch you into the wide ocean of life, without rudder, compass, grog or tobacco. [*Exeunt.*]

END OF ACT THE THIRD.

A C T IV.

SCENE.—LADY AMARANTH'S HOUSE.

Enter Lady Amaranth, reading.

TH E fanciful flights of my cousin enchant my senses—this book he gave me to read containeth good moral—the man Shakespear, that did write it, they call immortal—he must indeed have been fill'd with a divine spirit—I understand from my cousin, the origin of plays were religious mysteries—that freed from the superstition of early, and grossness of latter times, the stage is now become the vehicle of delight and morality; if so, to hear a good play, is taking the wholesome draught of precept from a golden cup emboss'd with gems, yet giving countenance to have one in my house, and even to act in it myself, proves the ascendancy my dear Harry hath over my heart—Ephraim Smooth is much scandaliz'd at these doings.

Enter Ephraim.

Ephraim. This mansion is now the tabernacle of Baal.

Lady Amaranth. Then abide not in it.

Ephraim. 'Tis full of the wicked ones.

Lady Amaranth. Stay not amongst the wicked ones.

Ephraim. I must shut mine ears.

Lady Amaranth. And thy mouth also, good Ephraim—I have bidden my cousin Henry to my house, and will not set bounds to his mirth to gratify thy spleen, and shew my own in hospitality.

Ephraim. Why dost thou suffer him to put into the hands of thy servants books of tragedies, and

books of comedies, preludes, interludes, yes, all ludes—my spirit doth wax—wrath—I say unto thee, a Play-house is a school for the old Dragon, and a Play book the Primer of Belzebub.

Lady Amarantb. This is one, mark, (*Reads*) "Not the King's Crown, not the deputed Sword, the Marshall's truncheon, nor the Judge's Robe become thee," with one half so good a grace as mercy doth—"oh think on that, and mercy then will breathe within your lips like man new made." Doth Belzebub speak such words?

Ephraim. Thy kinsman hath made all the servants actors.

Lady Amarantb. To act well is good service.

Ephraim. Here cometh the damsel for whom my heart yearneth.

Enter Jane, reading.

Jane. Oh madam, his young honor the squire says the Play's to be, As you Like it.

Ephraim. I Like it not.

Jane. He's given me my character, I'm to be Miss Audry, and Brother Sim is to be William of the Forest as it were; but how am I to get my part by heart?

Lady Amarantb. By often reading it.

Jane. Well, I don't know but that's as good as any other—I must study my part—the Gods give us Joy.

[*Exit Jane.*]

Ephraim. The maid will skip like young Kids.

Lady Amarantb. Thou shalt skip along with them.

Ephraim. Mary, thou should'st be obey'd in thine own house, and I will do thy bidding.

Lady Amarantb. Ah thou hypocrite! to obey is easy, when the heart commands.

Enter Rover.

Rover. Oh my charming cousin! how agree you and Rosalind? are you almost perfect—what, old Clytus—why you're like an angry friend broke in amongst the laughing Gods—come, come,

come, I'll have nothing here, but quips and cracks and wreathed smiles.

Lady Amaranth. He says we must not have this amusement.

Rover. But I am a voice potential, double as the Duke's and I say we must——

Ephraim. I say Nay.

Rover. Yea! by Jupiter I swear aye.

(*Fiddle, without.*)

Ephraim. I must shut my ears, for the Man of Sin rubbeth the hair of the Horse to the Bowels of the Cat.

Enter Lamp, With a Violin.

Lamp. Now if agreeable to your Ladyship, we'll go over your Song.——[*Lamp begins to play: Ephraim pushes his arm which puts him out of Tune*]

Lamp. What's that for, my dear Sir? (*Ephraim, jogs as before.*) What do you mean?

Rover. Now my good friend be quiet——come begin again.

Ephraim. Friend, this is a land of Freedom, and I have as much right to move my elbow as thou hast to move thine. (*Rover pushes him.*) Why dost thou do so friend?

Rover. Friend, this is a land of Freedom, and I have as much right to move my elbow as thou hast to move thine. [*Pushes him off*] A fanatical puppy:

Lady Amaranth. But Harry, do your people offashion all these follies themselves.

Rover. Aye, and scramble for the top parts as eager as for stars ribbands, place or pension——
Lamp, decorate the seats out, smart and theatrical and drill the servants that I have given the small parts to. [*Exit Lamp.*]

Lady Amaranth. I wish'd for some entertainment (in which gay people now take delight) to please those I have invited, but we'll convert these follies into a charitable purpose——Tickets for this place shal: be deliver'd to my friends gratis, but money to their amount, I will from my own purse

purse, (after rewarding the assistants) distribute amongst the indigent of the Village——thus whilst we amuse our friends and perhaps please ourselves, we shall make the poor happy.

[Exit Lady Amaranth.]

Rover. An angel——if Sir George doesn't soon arrive to blow me, I may, I think, marry her angelic ladyship, but will that be honest? She's nobly born, tho' I suspect I had ancestors too; if I knew who they were——I enter'd this house, the poorest wight in England, and what must she imagine when I am discover'd? That I am a scoundrel, and consequently, tho' I should possess her hand and fortune, instead of loving, she'll despise me, (*sits.*) I want a friend now to consult——deceive her I will not——Poor Dick Buskin wants money more than myself, yet this is a measure I'm sure he'd scorn——no, no, I must not.

Enter Harry.

Harry. Now I hope my passionate father will be convinc'd this is the first time I was ever under this roof——What beau is here? astonishing, my old strolling friend! (*sits down unperceiv'd.*)

Rover. I don't know what to do.

Harry. Nor what to say.

Rover. Dick Buskin! ha, ha, ha! My dear fellow, think of the Devil and——I was just thinking of you, 'pon my soul Dick, I am so happy to see you.

Harry. But, Jack, how the Devil have you found me out?

Rover. Found you! I'm sure, I wonder, how the Devil you found me out; Oh the news of my intended play has brought you.

Harry. He does not as yet know who I am, so I'll carry it on, (*aside.*) Then you too, have broke your engagement with Truncheon at Winchester, figuring it away in your stage cloaths too——tell me what you are at here Jack?

Rover. Will you be quiet with your Jacking. I'm now Squire Harry.

Harry. What?

Rover.

Rever. I've been press'd into this service, by an old Man of War, who found me at the Inn, and insisting, I am son to Sir George Thunder here, in that character, I flatter myself I have won the heart of the charming lady of this house.

Harry, (aside.) Now the mystery is out, then it's my friend Jack has been brought here for me—Do you know the young gentleman they take you for?

Rever. Not I; but I flatter myself he is honour'd in his representative.

Harry. Upon my soul, Jack, you're a very tight fellow.

Rever. I am; now I can put some pounds in your pockets—you shall be employ'd—we're getting up "As you like it"—Let's see, in the cast have I a part for you—Egad I'll take Touchstone from Lamp, you shall have it, my boy; I'd resign Orlando to you with any other Rosalind; but the lady of the mansion plays it herself you rogue.

Harry. The very lady my father intended for me, *(aside.)* Do you love her, Jack?

Rever. To distraction! but I'll not have her.

Harry. No! why?

Rever. She thinks me a gentleman, and I'll not convince her I'm a rascal; I'll go on with our play, as the produce is to be appropriated to a good purpose, then lay down my squireship bid, adieu to my heavenly Rosalind, and Exit for ever from her house, poor Jack Rover.

Harry. The generous fellow I ever thought him, and he shan't lose by it! If I could make him believe, *(aside.)*—Well, this is the most whimsical affair—you've anticipated me, ha, ha, ha! you'll scarce believe that I'm come here too *(purposely tho')* to pass myself for this young Harry.

Rever. No!

Harry. I am.

Sir George, (without.) Harry, where are you?

Rever. Who's that?

Harry.

Harry. (*aside.*) I'll try it——my father will be curiously vex'd, but no matter.

Rover. Somebody call'd Harry——Zounds! if the real Simon Pure should be arriv'd, I'm in a fine way.

Harry. Be quiet, that's my confederate, he is to personate the father Sir George; he started the scheme, having heard that an union was intended, and Sir George immediately expected; Our plan is, if I can, before his arrival, but flourish myself into the lady's good graces, and whip her up, as she's an heiress.——

Rover. So you have turn'd Fortune Hunter? then 'twas on this plan you parted from me on the road, standing like a finger post, you walk up that way, and I must walk down this! why Dick, I didn't know you was so great a rogue.

Harry. I didn't know my Forte lay that way, 'till persuaded by this experienc'd stager.

Rover. He must be a damn'd impudent, old scoundrel, who is he? do I know him?

Harry. Why no,——I hope not, (*aside.*)

Rover. I'll step down stairs, and have the honour of kicking him.

Harry. Stop! no, I wouldn't have him hurt neither.

Rover. What's his name?

Harry. His name is Abrawang.

Rover. Abrawang! Abrawang! I never heard of him, but Dick, why did you let him persuade you into this affair?

Harry. Why, faith, I would have been off it, but when once he takes a project into his head, the Devil can't drive him out of it.

Rover. Yes, but the constable may drive him into Winchester Goal.

Harry. Your opinion of our intended exploit has made me ashamed of myself——Hark'y Jack, to punish and frighten my adviser, do you still keep on your character of young Squire Thunder, you can easily do that, as he, no more than myself, has ever seen the squire.

Rover.

Rover. But by Heavens, I'll——a damn'd rogue?

Harry. Yes, but Jack, if you can marry her, her fortune is a snug thing, besides if you love each other, I tell you——

Rover. Hang her fortune——“My love more
“ noble than the world, prizes not quantity of dis-
“ ty lands.” Oh Dick, she's the most lovely——
think of her condescension——why she consented
to act in our play——and you shall see her, you
rogue you shall.

“Her worth being mounted on the wind,

“Thro' all the world bears Rosalind.”

[*Exit Rover.*]

Harry. Ha, ha, ha ! this is the drollest adventure——*Rover* little suspects that I am the identical Squire Thunder that he personates——I'll lend him my character a little longer——Yes, this offer is a most excellent opportunity of making my poor friend's fortune, without injuring any body——If possible he shall have her——I can't regret the loss of charms I never knew——and for an estate, my father is competent to all my wishes, *Lady Amaranth*, by marrying *Jack Rover*, will gain a man of honour, which she might lose in an Earl it may teize my father a little at first, but he's a good old fellow in the main, and when I think he comes to know my motive——Eh ! this must be she——an elegant woman faith, now for a spanking lie, to continue her in the belief that *Jack* is the man she thinks him.

Enter Lady Amaranth.

Lady Amaranth. Who art thou, Friend?

Harry. Madam, I've scarce time to warn you against the danger you're in of being impos'd upon by your uncle Sir George.

Lady Amaranth. How!

Harry. He has heard of your ladyship's partiality for his son ; but is so incensed at the irregularity of his conduct, he intends, if possible, to disinherit him, and to prevent you honouring him with your hand, engaged and brought me hither, to pass

W I L D O A T S.

pass me on you for him, designing to treat the poor young gentleman himself as an impostor, in hopes you'll banish him your heart and house.

Lady Amaranth. Is Sir George such a parent, I thank thee for thy caution, what's thy name?

Harry. Richard Buskin, ma'am: the Stage is my profession,—In the young squire's late excursions, we contracted an intimacy, and I saw so many good qualities in him, that I couldn't think of being the instrument of his ruin, nor deprive your Ladyship of so good a husband as I'm certain he'll make you.

Lady Amaranth. Then Sir George intends to disown him.

Harry. Yes, madam I've this moment told the young gentleman of it, he's determin'd for a jest to return the compliment, by seeming to treat Sir George himself as an impostor.

Lady Amaranth. 'Twill be a just retaliation, and indeed what my uncle deserveth for his cruel intentions both to his son and me.

Sir George, (miserably.) What has he run away again?

Lady Amaranth. That's mine uncle.

Harry. Yes, here is my father, and my standing out that I'm not his son will rouse him into the heat of a battle, (*aside.*) Here he is Madam—now mind how he'll dub me Squire.

Lady Amaranth. 'Tis well I'm prepar'd, or I might have believ'd him.

Enter Sir George.

Sir George. Well, my Lady, was not it my wild rogue let you to all the Calceatella Capers you've been cutting in the garden—you see here, I have brought him into line of battle again—you villain, why do you drop aftern there? throw a salute shot, but her bob stays, bring her to, and come down straight as a mast you dog.

Lady Amaranth. Uncle, who is this?

Sir George. Who is he? Egad that's an odd question to the fellow that has been cracking your Wallnuts.

Lady

Lady Amaranth. He is bad at his lesson.

Sir George. Certainly when he ran from school—why don't you speak you lubber, you are cursed modest; before I came, 'twas all down amongst the posies; here my lady, take from a Father's hand Harry Thunder.

Lady Amaranth. That is what I may not.

Sir George. There, I thought you'd disgust her, you flat fish.

Enter Rover.

Lady Amaranth. Here take from my hand, Harry Thunder. *(Takes Rover's Hand.)*

Sir George. Eh!

Rover. Oh, this is your sham Sir George, *(apart.)*

Harry. Yes, I've been telling the Lady, and still seem to humour him.

Rover. I shan't, tho' how do you do, Abrawang?

Sir George. Abrawang!

Rover. You look like a good Actor, aye, that's very well—never lose sight of your character—you know Sir George is a noisy, turbulent, wicked old knave—bravo! pout your under lip, purse your brows—very well! but, dem it Abrawang, you should have put a little red upon your nose—make it a rule, ever play an angry man with a red nose.

Sir George. I'm in such a fury——

Rover. Well, we know that.

Lady Amaranth. Uncle, who is this?

Sir George. Some puppy unknown.

Lady Amaranth. And you don't know this gentleman?

Rover. Excellent well, he's a fishmonger.

Sir George. A what?

Rover. Yes, father and son are determin'd not to know each other, come Dick, give the lady a specimen of your abilities, "Motley's your only wear, ha, ha, a fool met a fool in the forest"—here comes Audrey.

Harry. Salutation and greeting to you all——Trip't up apace good Audrey.

E

Enter

Enter Jane.

Jane. La, warrants, what features.

Sir George. 'Sblood, what's this?

Harry. A homely thing, fir, but she's mine own.

Sir George. Yours, you most audacious—what, this slut?

Jane. I thank the Gods for my sluttishness.

Lady Amaranth. Do you know this youth?

Rover. My friend Horatio; I wear him in my heart's core,—yea, my heart of hearts as I do thee.
(*Kisses her.*)

Sir George. Such freedom with my niece before my face—do you know that lady, do you know my son, fir.

Rover. Be quiet, Jaffier has discover'd the plot, and you can't deceive the senate.

Harry. Yes, my conscience wouldn't let me carry it thro'.

Rover. Ay, his conscience hanging about the neck of his heart says, good Launcelot, and good Gobbo, aforesaid, good Launcelot Gobbo, take to thy Heels and run.

Sir George. Why, my lady, explain scoundrel, and puppy unknown—

Jane. Ma'am, I forgot to tell you our old neighbour Banks and his sister want you.

Lady Amaranth. I come uncle, I've heard thy father was kind to thee, return that kindness to thy child; if the lamb in wanton play, doth fall amongst the waters, the shepherd taketh him out, instead of plunging him in deeper 'till he dyeth—tho' thy hairs now be gray, I'm told they were once flaxen—in short he is too old in folly, who cannot excuse it in youth. [*Exit Lady Amaranth.*]

Sir George. I am an old fool! well, that's damn'd civil of you, madam niece! and I'm a grey shepherd—with her lambs in the ditch! but as for you young Mr. Goat, I'll—

Rover. My dear Abrawang, give up the game, her ladyship, in seeming to take you for her uncle, has been only humming you, what the devil, don't you

you think the fine creature knows her own true born uncle?

Sir George. Certainly: to be sure she knows me

Rover. Will you have done? zounds, man, my honoured father was here himself to day! her ladyship knows his person.

Sir George. Your honour'd father! and who the evil's your honour'd self?

Rover. "Now by my father's son, and that's myself—it shall be sun or moon, or a cheshire cheese, before I budge,—still cross'd and cross'd."

Sir George. What do you bawl out to me of cheshire cheese, I say——

Rover. And, "I say, as the saying is"—your friend has told me all; but to convince you of my forgiveness, in our play, as you're a rough and tough; I'll call you Charles the wrestler, I do Orlando, I'll kick up your heels before the whole court.

Sir George. I'll, why dam'me, I'll—and you, you undutiful chick of an old Pelican. (*lifts up his Canoe.*)

Enter John Dory.

John. What are you at here? cudgelling people about? but, Mr. Buckskin, I've a word to say to you in private.

Sir George. Buckskin, take that (*strikes him*)

Rover. Why, dam'me, Mr. Abrawang, you are a most obstinate Dromedary.

Enter Lamp, Trap, and two Servant Maids.

Lamp. "All the world's a stage, and all the men and women"——

Sir George. The men are rogues, the women are huffies——

[*He beats them and strikes Rover, they run off.*]

Rover, (alone) A blow! Effex, a blow! an old rascally impostor stigmatize me with a blow! I must not put up with it; Zounds, I shall be tweak'd by the nose all round the country——If I can get the country lad to steal me a pair of pistols out! strike me! so may this arm dash him to the earth like a dead dog despis'd, pride, shame, and the name of villain light on me, Mr. Abrawang, if I forgive thee.

SCENE—CHANGES TO ANOTHER ROOM.

Enter Lady Amaranth and Banks.

Banks. Madam, I could have paid the rent of my little cottage; but I dare say 'twas without your ladyships knowledge that your steward has turn'd me out, and put my neighbour in possession.

Lady Amaranth. My steward oppresses the poor! I did not know it indeed.

Banks. The pangs of adversity I could bear; but the innocent partner of my misfortunes my unhappy sister!

Lady Amaranth. I did desire Ephraim to send for thy sister—did she dwell with thee, and both now without a home—let her come to mine.

Banks. The hand of misery hath struck us beneath your notice.

Lady Amaranth. Thou dost mistake—to need my assistance, is the highest claim to my attention, let me see her. *[Exit Banks.]*

Lady Amaranth. I could chide myself that these pastimes has turn'd my eye from the house of woe—ah, think ye proud and happy affluent, how many, in your dancing moments, pine in want, drink the salt tear; their morsel, the bread of misery, and shrinking from the cold blast into their cheerless hovel.

Enter Banks and Amelia.

Banks. Madam, my sister. *[Exit Banks.]*

Lady Amaranth. Thou art welcome—I feel myself interested in thy concerns.

Amelia. Madam!

Lady Amaranth. I judge thou wert not always unhappy—tell me thy condition, then I shall better know how to serve thee—is thy brother thy sole kindred?

Amelia. I had a husband and a son.

Lady Amaranth. A widow! If it recall not images thou would'st forget, impart to me thy story; 'tis rumour'd in the village thy brother was a clergyman, tell me ———

Amelia.

Amelia. Madam, he was ; but he has lost his early patron, and is now poor and unbeneficed.

Lady Amaranth. But thy husband !

Amelia. By this brothers advice, now twenty years since, I was prevail'd on to listen to the addresses of a young sea officer, (for my brother has been a chaplain in the navy) but to our surprize and mortification, we discover'd by the honesty of a sailor, in whom we put confidence, that the Captain's design was only to decoy me into a seeming marriage — our humble friend, instead of us, put the deceit on his master, by concealing from him that my brother was in orders ; he flattered with the hopes of procuring me an establishment, gave into the suppos'd imposture and perform'd the ceremony.

Lady Amaranth. Duplicity, even with a good intent, is ill.

Amelia. Madam, the event has justified your censure ; for my husband not knowing himself really bound by any legal tie abandon'd me ; I follow'd him to the Indies distracted ; still seeking him, I left my infant at one of our settlements ; but after a fruitless search on my return, I found the friend to whose care I committed my child, was compell'd to retire from the ravages of war, but where, I could not hear ; rent with agonizing pangs, without child or husband, I again saw England and my brother ; who, wounded with remorse for being the cause of my misfortunes, secluded himself from the joys of social life, and invited me to partake the comforts of solitude in that humble asylum from whence we have both just now been driven.

Lady Amaranth. My pity can do thee no good ; yet I must pity thee, but resignation to what must be, may restore peace, if my means can procure thee comfort, they are at thy pleasure ; come, let thy griefs subside, instead of thy Cottage, accept thou, and thy brother, every convenience that my Mansion can afford.

Amelia. Madam, I can only thank you with

———(weeps.)

Lady Amaranth. My thanks are here ———
E 3. come,

come, thou shalt be chearful ; I will introduce thee to my sprightly Cousin Harry, and his father, my humourous Uucle, we have delights going forward that may amuse thee.

Amelia. Kind Lady.

Lady Amaranth. Come, smile ! tho' a Quaker, thou see'st I am merry, the sweetest joy of wealth and power, is to cheer another's drooping heart, and wipe from the pallid cheek, the tear of sorrow.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T V.

S C E N E—A R O A D.

Enter three Men dressed as Sailors.

First Sailor.

WE L L now lads, what's to be done ?

Second. Why, we've been long upon our Shifts, and after all our tricks, twists and turns as London was too hot for us, our tramp to Portsmouth was a hit.

Third. Ay, but since the cast, we touch'd upon pretending to be Able Bodied Seamen, is now come to the last shilling, as we have deserted, means of a fresh supply to take us back to London must be thought on.

Second. Ay, now to recruit the pocket without hazarding the neck.

First. By an Advertisement posted on the Stocks yonder, there are Collectors upon this road ; thirty Guineas is offer'd by the Quaker Lady, owner of the estate round here. I wish we cou'd snap any straggler, to bring before her a Quaker will only require Yea, for an oath, we might pick up these thirty Guineas.

Second. Yes, but we must take care ; if we fall into the hands of this Gentleman, that's in pursuit of us. S'death ! isn't that his man the old Boat-swain ?

First.

First. Don't run, I think we three are a match for him.

Second. Let's keep up our Characters of Sailors, we may get something out of him; a pitiful story makes such an impression on the soft heart of a true tar: that he'll open his hard hand, and drop you his last Guinea; if we can but make him believe, we were press'd, we have him:—only mind me.

Enter John Dory.

John. Rattle my Lantern! Sir George's Temper now always blows a hurricane.

Second. What cheer.

John. Ha ho!

Third. Bob, up with your Speaking Trumpet!

Second. D'ye see Brother, this is the thing—

Enter Sir George, behind, unseen.

Second. We three hands, just come home after a long voyage, were press'd in the River, and without letting us see our friends, brought round to Portsmouth, and there we entered freely, cause why? we had no choice, then we run; we hear some gentlemen is in chace of us, and as the shots are all out, we'll surrender.

John. Surrender! oh then you've no shots left indeed, let's see I havn't the loading of a gun about me now. (*feels his pockets*) and this same Mounser Poverty, is a bitter bad enemy.

Sir George (aside) 'Tis the deserters that I am after.

John. Meet me in an hour's time in the little Wood yonder; I'll raise a wind to blow you into safe latitude, keep out to sea, my Masters on a rock, you'll certainly split upon.

Second. This is the first time we ever saw you, but we'll steer by your Chart, for I never knew one Seaman betray another. (*Exeunt Sailors.*)

Sir George. They have been press'd, I can't blame them so much for running away.

John. Yes, Sir George would certainly hang 'em.

Sir George. You lie, they shall eat Beef, and drink

drink the King's health, run and tell them so; stop, I'll tell them myself.

John. Why now you are yourself, a kind Gentleman, as you used to be.

Sir George. Since these idle rogues are inclin'd to return to their duty, they shan't want sea store, take this money; but hold; I'll meet them myself and advise them, as I would my own children.

[*Exit Sir George, left hand; John, right hand.*]

SCENE—A WOOD.

Enter Rover, with Pistols.

Rover. Which way did this Mr. Abrawang take? Dick Buskin, I think has no suspicion of my intentions: since Sim has without making an alarm procured me these Pistols. Such a choleric spark will fight I dare say, if I fall, or even survive this affair; I leave the field of Love, and the fair prize to the young gentleman, I've personated; for I am determin'd to see Lady Amaranth no more. Oh here comes Abrawang.

Enter Sir George.

Sir George. Now to relieve these Sea Gulls, they must be hovering about this place. Ha, puppy unknown?

Rover. You're the very man, I was seeking, you're not ignorant Mr. Abrawang:—

Sir George. Mr. What!

Rover. You will not resign your title! oh very well, I'll indulge you, Sir George Thunder; you honored me with a blow.

Sir George. Did it hurt you?

Rover. S'death Sir, but let me proceed like a Gentleman; as is my pride even to reject favours, no man shall offer me an injury.

Sir George. Eh!

Rover. In rank we're equal.

Sir George. Are we faith? the English of all this is—we're to fight.

Rover. Sir, you've mark'd on me an indelible stain, only to be wash'd out by my blood.

Sir

Sir George. Why, I've only one objection to fighting you.

Rover. What's that, Sir?

Sir George. That you're too brave a lad to be killed.

Rover. Brave! No Sir, at present I wear the Stigma of a Coward.

Sir George. Zds! I like a bit of fighting; Havn't had a morsel a long time.——Don't know when I smelt gun-powder, but to bring down a Woodcock.

Rover. Take your Ground——

Sir George. I'm ready; but are we to thrust with Bulrushes, like Frogs, or like Squirrels to pelt each other with Nutshells, for I don't see any other weapons here.

Rover. Oh yes Sir, here are the weapons (*gives Pistol.*)

Sir George. Well this is bold work, for a Privateer to give battle to a King's Ship.

Rover. Try your charge Sir, and take your ground.

Sir George. Hum! I wouldn't wish to sink, burn, or destroy what I think was built for good service, but damn me if I don't wing you, to teach you better manners,——So take care, or I'll put some red upon your Nose.

Enter three Sailors, without seeing Rover, they enter at the upper end of the Stage.

First. Ay, here's the honest fellow has brought us some cash.

Second. We're betray'd; it's the very gentleman, that's in pursuit of us; and this promise was only a Decoy, to throw us into his power (*the Pistol aside.*)

Sir George. Good charge! (*trying his Pistol they rush forward and one of them snatch the Pistol.*)——He boys!

Second. You'd have our lives; now, we'll have yours——*Rover runs to assist Sir George and knocks the Pistol out of the Man's Hand that has taken it from Sir George.*

Rover.

Rever. Rascals! (*pursues them.*)

Sir George. (*takes up Pistol.*) My brave lad (*going*) I'll—

Enter John Dory.

John. No you shan't—(*stops him.*)

Sir George. The rogues will.

John. Never mind the rogues. (*Pistol fired behind Scenes.*)

Sir George. S'blood, must I see my preserver perish, (*struggling.*)

John. I'm your preserver, and I'll perish, but I'll bring you out of harm's way.

Sir George. Tho' he'd fight me himself—

John. We all know, you'd fight the very-Devil.

Sir George. He sav'd my life.

John. I'll save your life (*whips him up in his arms*) Haul up my noble little jolly boat.

[*Exit John Dory.*]

S C E N E.—**BANK'S HOUSE**—*Two Chairs on.*

Enter Gammon, Banks, and Sim.

Gammon. Boy go on with the inventory.

Sim. How unlucky! Veyther to lay hold of me, when I wanted to practise my part. (*aside.*)

Banks. This proceeding is very severe, to lay an execution upon my wretched trifling goods, when I thought—

Gammon. Ay, you've gone up to the Big House with your complaint; her Ladyship's Steward to be sure has made me give back your Cottage and Farm, but your goods I seize for my rent.

Banks. Leave me but a few necessaries. By my own labour, and the goodness of my neighbours, I may soon redeem what the law has put into your hands.

Gammon. The affair is now in my Lawyer's Hands, and *Plaintiff and Defendant* chattering about it, is all smoke.

Sim. Veyther, don't be so cruel to Mr. Banks.

Gammon. I'll mark what I want for myself—stay you and see that not a pin's point be removed.

[*Exit Gammon.*
Sim.]

Sim. (*tearing the Inventory.*) Dang me! if I'll be your watch dog, to bite the poor, that I won't———Mr. Banks, as my father intends to put up your goods to Auction, if you could but get a Friend to buy the choice of them for you again; Sister Jane has got Steward to advance her a quarter's wages and when I've gone to sell corn for Veyther besides presents, I've made market penny now and then; it isn't much; but every little helps (*offers Banks a Leather Purse.*)

Banks. I thank you, my good natured boy, but keep your money.

Sim. I remember about eight years ago, you sav'd me from being drown'd in Black-Pool; if you'll not take this, Ecod, in there I'll directly fling it.

Banks. My kind Lad! I'll not hurt your feelings by opposing your Liberality, (*takes Purse.*)

Sim. Oh, Mr. Banks you've given my heart such a pleasure, as I never felt, nor I'm sure my Veyther afore me.

Banks. But Sim, whatever may be his opinion of worldly affairs; still remember he's your parent. [*Exit Banks.*]

Sim. I will, "One Elbow chair, one Claw Table. (*crying.*) [*Exit Sim.*]

Enter Amelia.

Amelia. The confusion into which Lady Amaranth's family is thrown, by the sudden departure and apprehended danger of her young Cousin, must have prevented her Ladyship from giving that attention to our affairs; that I'm sure was her inclination——If I can but prevail on my Brother too, to accept of her protection. Heavens! who's this? (*she retires.*)

Enter Rover, fatigued and disordered.

Rover. (*panting.*) What a race! I've got clear of these Blood-Hounds at last.——If Abrawang had but follow'd, and back'd me, we'd have tickled their Catastrophe; but three to one were odds, so safe's the word. Whose House is this I've run into? the friendly cottage of my hospitable old gentleman! are you at home? (*calls*) I had a hard struggle for it

it. Murder was certainly their intent——It was well for me, I was born without brains. I'm quite weak and faint. (*Leans against Side Wing.*)

Amelia, (*comes forward.*) Sir an't you well?

Rover. Madam I ask pardon——yes madam ~~very~~ very well——I thank you, now exceeding well——got into a kind of rumpus, with some worthy gentlemen, not gentlemen, but simple honest farmers, who mistook me I fancy for a sheaf of barley, for they had me down, and their *flails* flew merrily about my ears; but I got up and when I could no longer fight like a Mastiff: I ran like a Grey-Hound, but dear Madam, pray excuse me——this is very rude, faith——

Amelia. You seem disturb'd: will you take any refreshment?

Rover. Madam, you're very good, only a glass of your Currant Wine if you please; I think it stands some where there about. (*Amelia fetches bottle and glass.*) Madam I've the honor of drinking your health.

Amelia. I hope you're not hurt, sir.

Rover. A little better, but very weak still; I had a sample of this before, and liked it so much that, madam——won't you take another? (*she declines*) madam, if you'd been fighting as I have, you'd be glad of a drop. (*Drinks again.*) Now I'm as well as any man in Illyria. "Got a hard knock tho'!"

Amelia. You'd better repose a little, you seem'd much disordered coming in.

Rover, (*Places Chairs, they sit.*)——Why madam, you must know that it was——

Enter Sheriff's Officers.

Officer, (*catches Amelia's Chair, she retires.*) Come Ma'am, Mr. Gammon wants this Chair to make up the half dozen above.

Rover. What's all this?

Officer. Why the furniture's seized on execution, and a man must do his duty.

Rover. Then scoundrel know That a man's first duty is civility, and tenderness to a woman.

Amelia. Heavens! where's my brother? this gentleman will bring himself into trouble.

Officer.

Officer. Master, d'ye see, I'm representative to his honour the High Sheriff.

Rover. Every High Sheriff shou'd be a Gentleman, and when he's represented by a Rascal he's dishonoured. Damn it, I might as well live about Covent Garden; and every night get a beating the watch, for here among Groves and Meadows, I'm always squabbling with Constables.

Officer. (*sits down.*) Come, come, I must.

Rover. "As you say sir," last Wednesday so it was, sir your most obedient humble servant; Pray sir, have you ever been astonish'd.

Officer. What!

Rover. Because sir, I intend to astonish you, (*takes a stick from off table, and beats him.*) Now sir, you are astonish'd.

Officer. Yes, but see, if I don't suit you with an Action.

Rover. Right, suit the action to the word; the word to the action; see if the gentlewoman be not affrighted; Michael; I'll make thee an example.

Officer. A fine example, when goods are seiz'd by the law ——— and ———

Rover. Law! thou worm, and maggot of the law. "Hop me over every kennel, or you shall hop without my custom."

Officer. I don't value your custom.?

Rover. You are astonished, now I'll amaze you.

Officer. No sir, I won't be amaz'd, see if I don't.

Rover. Hop, hop. [*Exit Officer threatening.* Ma'am, these sort of gentry are but bad company for a Lady, so I'll just see him to the door, Ma'm I'm your most obedient humble servant. [*Exit Rover.*

Isabella. I feel a strange kind of curiosity to know who this young gentleman is—I find my heart interested; I can't account for it. He must know the house, by the freedom he took, but then his gaiety without familiar rudeness, elegance of manners, and good breeding, seem to make him at home any where, my brother, I think must know.

Enter Banks hastily.

Banks. Amelia, did you see the young gentleman that was here? some ruffians have bound and dragg'd him from the door, on the allegation of three men who mean to swear he has robb'd them; and taken him to Lady Amaranth's.

Amelia. How! he did enter in confusion, as if pursued, but I'll stake my life on his innocence. I'll speak to her ladyship, and in spite of calumny he shall have justice; he wouldn't let me be insulted, because he saw me an unprotected woman, without a husband, or son, and shall he want an advocate—come brother.

[Exeunt Amelia and Banks.]

SCENE.—LADY AMARANTH'S HOUSE.

Jane. I believe there's not a soul in the house but myself, My lady has sent all the folks round the country to search after the young squire—she'll certainly break her heart if any thing happens to him—I don't wonder at it, for surely he's a dear sweet gentleman—his going has spoilt our play, and I had almost got my part by heart—but I must do up the room for Mr. Banks's sister, whom my lady has invited here.

Enter Ephraim.

Ephraim. The man John Dory has carried the man George in his arms, and has lock'd him up—coming in they did look like a blue lobster with a shrimp in its claws—here is the Damsel I love alone.

Jane. They say when folks look in a glass, they see the black gentleman (*looks in a glass*) la! there he is—

Ephraim. Thou art employed in vanity, (*looks over her shoulder.*)

Jane. Well, who are you?

Ephraim. It's natural for woman to love man.

Jane. Yea! but not such ugly men as you are, why did you come in to frighten me? when you know there's nobody here but ourselves.

Ephraim. I'm glad of that; I'm the Elm and thou the Honey-Suckle, let thy arms intwine me.

Jane. What a rogue is here! but yonder comes my

my Lady——I'll shew him off to her in his true colours. (*aside.*)

Ephraim. Clasp me round.

Jane. I will, if you'll take off your hat and make me a fine low bow——

Ephraim. I cannot bend my Knee, nor take off my Beaver.

Jane. Then you're very impudent—go along.

Ephraim. To win thy favour—(*Moves his Hat.*)

Jane. Well, now read me a speech out of that fine Play-book.

Ephraim. Read a Play! a-bo-mination——but, Jane, wilt thou kiss me?

Jane. I kiss a man! abomination! but you may take my hand.

Ephraim. Oh! 'tis a comfort to the lip of the Faithful. (*Kisses her hand.*)

Enter Lady Amaranth.

How! (*Taps him on the Shoulder.*) Ah! thou fly and deceitful Hypocrite!

Ephraim. Verily Mary, I was buffeted by Satan in the shape of a damsel.

Lady Amaranth. Begone!

Ephraim. My spirit is sad, tho' I move so nimble. [*Exit slowly.*]

Lady Amaranth. But, oh Heavens! no tidings of my dearest Henry!——Jane, let them renew their search.

Jane. Here's Madam Amelia—you see I've got her room ready, but I'll make brother Sim look for the young Squire. [*Exit Jane.*]

Enter Amelia.

Amelia. Oh madam, might I implore your influence with——

Lady Amaranth. Thou art ill accommodated here; but I hope thou wilt excuse it——my mind is a sea of trouble——my peace is shipwrecked——Oh had'st thou seen my Cousin Henry——all who knew him must be anxious for his safety——How unlucky this servant to prevent Sir George from giving him that assistance which paternal care, and indeed gratitude demanded, for 'twas filial affection

led him to pursue those wicked men callous to every feeling of humanity, they may—yes, my Henry, in the opening bud of manliness is nipp'd—

John, (without.) Heave a head!

Enter Sir George and John Dory.

Sir George. Rascal! whip me up like a pound of Tea! dance me about like a young Bear, make me quit the preserver of my life, yes, Puppy unknown will think me a Poltroon, and that I was afraid to follow and second him.

John. You may as well turn into your ham mock, for out to night you shall not go—(*Sees Amelia.*) Mercy of Heaven! isn't it—only look—

Amelia, (seeing Sir George.) My Husband! (*Lady Amaranth supports her.*)

Sir George. 'Tis my Amelia.

John. Reef the foresail first——You crack'd her heart by sheering off, and now you'll overset her by bringing to ——

Lady Amaranth. Soft!

Amelia. Are you at length return'd to me, my Seymour?

Lady Amaranth. Seymour! her mind is disturb'd——this is mine Uncle, Sir George Thunder——

John. No, no, my lady, she knows what she's saying well enough.

Sir George. Niece, I have been a villain to this Lady, I confess—but my dear Amelia, Providence has done you justice in part, for from the first month I quitted you, I have never entered one happy hour on my journal, hearing that you foundered, and considering myself the cause, the worm of remorse has gnaw'd my timbers.

Amelia. You're not still offended with me.

Sir George. Me! can you forgive my offence, and condescend to take my hand, as an atonement.

Amelia. Your hand! do you forget we are already married?

Sir George. Aye, there was my rascality.

John. You may say that——

Sir George. That marriage, my dear, I'm ashamed to own it, but it was——

John.

John. As good as if done by the chaplain of the Eagle.

Sir George. Hold your tongue, you impudent crimp, you pander, you bad adviser, I'll strike my false colours, I'll acknowledge the chaplain you provided was ———

John. A good man, and a greater honor to his black than your honor has been to your blue cloth ———by the word of a Seaman, here he is himself,]

Enter Banks.

Sir George. Your brother!

Banks. Captain Seymour! have I found you, sir?

Sir George. My dear Banks, I'll make every reparation, Amelia shall really be my wife.

Banks. That, sir, my sister is already; for when I perform'd the marriage ceremony, which you only took as the cloak of your deception, I was actually in orders.

John. Now, who's the crimp, and the pander ———I never told you this, because I thought a man's own reflections were the best punishment for betraying an innocent woman.

Sir George. John, you shall be a post captain, sink me if you shan't ———

Lady Amaranth. Madam, my inmost soul partaketh of thy gladness; —and joy for thy reformation, (to *Sir George*;) but thy prior marriage to this Lady annuls the subsequent, and my Cousin Harry is not now thy heir.

Sir George. So much the better, he's an unnatural cub; but Amelia, I flatter myself I have an heir, my infant boy ———

Amelia. Ah, husband, you had, but ———

Sir George. Gone! well, well, I see I have been a miserable scoundrel —I'll adopt that brave, kind lad, that wouldn't let any body kill me but himself —He shall have my estate, that's my own acquisition —My Lady marry him; Puppy unknown; a fine fellow! Amelia! only for him you'd never have found your husband Captain Seymour, in Sir George Thunder.

Amelia. What!

Banks. Are you Sir George Thunder?

Enter Landlord and Ephraim.

Landlord. Please you, madam, they have got a Footpad in custody.

Ephraim. I am come to sit in judgment, for there is a bad man in thy house Mary — bring him before me.

Sir George. Before you, old Squintibus — and perhaps you don't know I am a magistrate —

Ephraim. I'll examine him.

Sir George. You be damn'd, I'll examine him myself — tow him in here, I'll give him a passport to Winchester Bilboas.

Amelia. (*Kneels to Sir George.*) Oh, Sir, as you hope for mercy, extend it to this youth; but even should he be guilty, which, from our knowledge of his benevolent and noble nature, I think next to an impossibility, let the services he has rendered to us plead for him, he protected your forsaken Wife and her unhappy brother in the hour of Want and Sorrow.

Sir George. What *Amelia*, plead for a Robber? consider my love, Justice is above bias or partiality. If my son violated the laws of his Country, I'd deliver him up as a public victim to disgrace and punishment.

Lady Amaranth. Oh my impartial Uncle, had thy country and laws to punish him, who instead of paltry gold, would rob the artless virgin of her dearest treasure, in the rigid Judge I should now behold the trembling criminal.

Enter Twitch with two Men, and Rover bound.

Ephraim. Speak thou. —

Sir George. Hold thy clapper, thou — you wretched person — who are the prosecutors?

Ephraim. Call in. —

Sir George. Will nobody stop his mouth? (*John Dory carries him up the stage.*) Where are the Prosecutors?

Twitch. There, tell his Worship the Justice.

1st Man. A Justice! Oh the Devil! I thought

thought we should have nothing but Quakers to deal with, (*aside.*)

Sir George. Come how did this fellow rob you?

2d Man. Why, your honour, I swear ———

Sir George. Oh, ho!

2d Man. Zounds, we're in the wrong ———
this is the very ———

Sir George. Clap down the Hatches, secure these Sharks.

Rover. I am glad to find you here Abrawang, as I believe you have some knowledge of these Gentlemen.

Lady Amaranth. Heavens! my cousin Harry!

Sir George. The devil! isn't that my spear and shield?

John. My young master! what have you been at here (*Unbinds Rover.*) This rope may be wanted yet.

Enter Harry.

Harry. My dear fellow are you safe?

Rover. Yes, Dick, I was brought here very safe, I assure you.

Harry. A confederate in custody has made a confession of their Villainy, that they concerted this plan to accuse him of a robbery; first, for revenge, then in hopes to share the reward for apprehending him, he also owns they are not sailors, but depredators on the public.

Sir George. What! could you find no jacket to disgrace by your wearing, but that of an English Seaman? a character, whose bravery is even the admiration of his enemies, and genuine honesty of heart, the glory of human nature.

John. Ay, I knew the rope would be wanted yet. (*Drives the Men off.*)

Sir George. Not knowing that the Justice of Peace, whom they've brought the lad before is the very man they attacked ——— ha, ha, ha! the rogues have fallen into their own snare.

Rover. What, now you're a Justice of Peace! well said Abrawang.

Anelia. Then Sir George, you know him too!

Sir

Sir George. Know him, to be sure I do.

Rover. Still Sir George——what then you will not resign your Knighthood——madam, I am happy to see you again——Ah, how do you do, my kind Host (*to Banks.*)

Lady Amaranth. I rejoice at thy safety! be reconcil'd to him.

Sir George. Reconcil'd! if I don't love, respect and honour him, I should be unworthy of the life he rescued——but who is he?

Harry. Sir he is.——

Rover. Dick, I thank you for your good wishes; but I am still determined not to impose on this Lady——madam, as I first told this well meaning Tar, when he forc'd me to your House, I am not the Son of Sir George Thunder.

John. Then I wish you was the Son of an Admiral, and I your Father.

Harry. You refuse the Lady——to punish you, I have a mind to take her myself——my dear Cousin.——

Rover. Stop Dick——If I who adore her won't, you shall not: no no, madam, never mind what this fellow says, he's as poor as myself——Isn't he Abrawang?

Harry. Then my dear Rover, since you are so obstinately disinterested, I'll no longer teize my Father, whom you here see, and in your strolling friend, his very truant Harry, that ran from Portsmouth School, and join'd you and fellow Comedians.

Rover. Indeed!

Harry. Dear cousin, forgive me, if thro' my zeal for the happiness of my friend, I endeavour'd to promote yours, by giving you a husband more worthy than myself.

Rover. Am I to believe! Madam, is your Uncle Sir George Thunder in this room.

Lady Amaranth. He is!

Rover. 'Tis so!—you in reality what I've had the impudence to assume, and have perplexed your father with your ridiculous effrontery—(*To John Dory*) I told you I was not the person you took me

me for; but you must bring your damn'd chariot—I am asham'd and mortified—Madam, I take my leave.

Ephraim. Thou art welcome to go.

Rover. Sir George, as the father of my friend, I cannot lift my hand against you, but I hope fir, you'll apologize to me apart.

Sir George. Ay, with pleasure my noble Splinter—now tell me, from what dock were you launched, my Heart of Oak.

Rover. I heard in England, fir; but from my earliest knowledge, 'till within a very few hours, I've been in the East Indies.

Sir George. Beyond Seas—well and how—

Rover. It seems I was committed an Infant to the Care of a Lady, who was herself oblig'd by the gentle Hyder Ally to strike her toilet and decamp without beat of drum, leaving me a chubby little fellow squatted on a carpet; a Serjeant's Wife alone returned and snatched me off triumphant, thro' fire, smoke, cannon, cries and carnage.

Lady Amaranth, (to Amelia.) Dost thou mark?

Amelia. Sir, can you recollect the name of the town where ———

Rover. Yes, madam; the town was Negapatam.

Amelia. I thank you, fir.

Rover. An officer, who had much rather act Hotspur on the Stage, than in the field, brought me up, behind the scenes, at the Calcutta Theatre ——— I was roll'd on the boards, acted myself into the favour of a Colonel, promis'd a pair of colours, but impatient to find my parents, hid myself in the steerage of an homeward bound ship, assumed the name of Rover, from the uncertainty of my fate; and having murdered more Poets than Rajah's, slept on English Ground, unincumber'd with Rupees or Pagodas——ha, ha, ha! would'st thou come home so, little Ephraim,

Ephraim. I would bring myself home with some money.

Amelia:

Amelia. Excuse my curiosity, Sir, what was the Lady's name in whose care you were left?

Rover. Oh madam, she was the Lady of a Major Linstock; but I heard my Mother's name was Seymour.

Sir George. Why Amelia.—

Amelia. My son! —

Rover. Madam!

Amelia. 'Tis my Son Charles! (*Embraces him.*)

John. Tol, lol, lol! tho' I never heard it before, my heart told me he was a Chip of the Old Block.—Your Father—(*Points to Sir George.*)

Rover. Can it?

Amelia. Yes my Son! Sir George Thunder here is the Captain Seymour, in search of whom, you might have heard I quitted England.

Rover. Heavens! then have I attempted to raise my impious hand against a Parent's Life?

Sir George. My brave boy! then have I a Son with spirit to fight me as a Sailor, yet defend me as a Father?

Lady Amaranth. Uncle, you'll recollect 'twas I first introduced this Son to thee.

Sir George. And I hope you will next introduce a Grandson to me, young Sly Boots——Harry, you've lost your Fortune.

Harry. Yes sir, but I've gain'd a Brother, whose friendship, before I knew him to be such, I priz'd above the first fortune in England.

Rover. My dearest Rosalind!

Amelia. Then will you take our Charles?

Lady Amaranth. Yea, but only on condition thou bestowest thy fortune on his Friend and Brother, mine is sufficient for us, is it not?

Rover. Angelic creature! to think of my generous friend—but now for “As You Like it”——Where's Lamp and Trap——I shall ever love a Play——a Spark from Shakespeare's Muse of Fire was the Star that guided me thro' my desolate, and bewilder'd maze of life, and brought me to these unexpected blessings.

To

To merit friends so good, so sweet a Wife,
The tender Husband be my part for Life;
My Wild Oats sown, let candid Thespian Laws
Decree that glorious Harvest—Your applause.

T H E E N D.

